



FAMOUS FIMMALES
WITT ODDER EWENTS
FROM HEESTORY

BY MILT GROSS

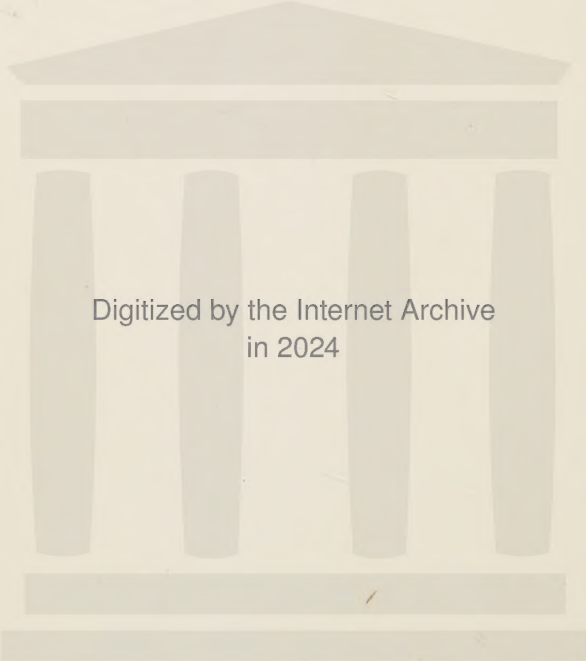
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Famous females, with other events from



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FROM HEESTORY



BOOKS BY MILT GROSS

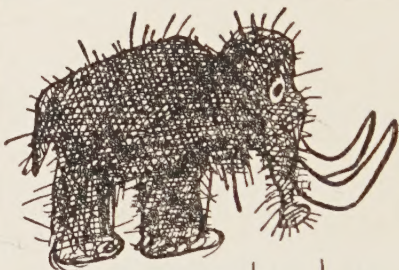
Famous Fimmales Witt Odder Ewents from Heestory

De Night in De Front From Chreesmas

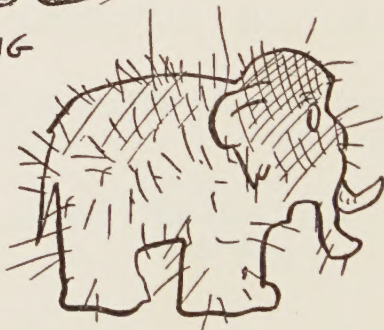
Dunt Esk

Hiawatta Wit No Odder Pomes

Nize Baby



GOING



GOING



GONE

GEEVE A LOOK A HEVOLUTION

FAMOUS
FIMMALES
Witt Odder Ewents
From Heestory

BY
MILT GROSS



Illustrated by the Author

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FAMOUS FIMMALES
WITT ODDER EWENTS
FROM HEESTORY



CHAPTER 1

DE INSITE STURRY FROM DE WOILD

I. HEESTORY—So wot it minns de dafaneetion from de woid Heestory? So is so: Is diwided in two hiquill pots de woid Heestory, wiz:

A prifix—Heest.

Witt a soffit—Story.

Wot it minns itch one so.

Heest—Sh!! Silence!! Hock!! Geeve a leesten!!

Story—A nerrative, a rummance, a tale, a fable, a yon (could ulso minn a floor from a building, wiz: de toid sturry).

So it minns Heestory: Geeve a leesten a nerrative!!

Heh heh—Of cuss, it couldn't be "Geeve a leesten a floor from a building"; axcapt sometimes wot it

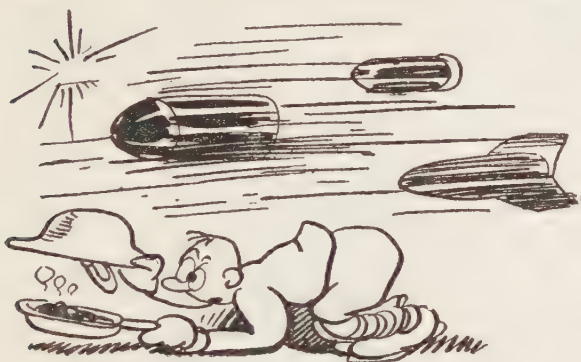
should squikk de floor, wot in deez caze it would gradually resamble de whole Heestory like it should be from Rets witt Mize, is no??

II. NOTES WITT RAFARANCES—(To whom it'll maybe gonna consoin). De Heestorian, witt de Meessus Heestorian, riquast gradually de extrimingly great honor dey should geeve witt de bast from plasure a annonncement wot dey exknowledging de information in dees Wolume from de following susses:

- (a) Bottweiser Brewery hedwertizements
"Famous Beer Dreenkers from Heestory."
- (b) Hactual haxpeerence from Heestorian in Woild Wurr (see Over de Mop, witt de Keetchen Poliss by Heestorian, \$2 nat).

DE WOILD WURR UND WOT HEZ GONE BEFURR

Of cuss, it was de Woild Wurr one from de most nuttable ewents wot took plaze in Ninetinn Futtin—bot in bitwinn time it will geve de heestorian a synopsis from de sturry hopp ontill de prasant time wot it conseests de woild from deeference contrizz witt nations wot is here de leest in de horder from dere appeerance. So is so itch contry witt de hage:
U. S. A.—151 years hold lest Futt from July.
Hingland—632106 (eef she's a day).



France—1076—(honly, of cuss, is rilly 2152
on accout wot dey leeving in Peris twice so
fest like by all over).

Ijjipt—999,999 (dun't looking a day over
999,998).

Jepen—(Over 21).

China—986,664,367½ (gung on 986,664,368,
weech is rilly in American time seex wicks
witt two days).

Of cuss, in de beginning whan was joost bing
established de woild it deedn't was nidder by Ijjipt
a seengle pyrameed nodder by Sweetzerland ivvin a
Elp—was hall over de woild Hice wot dees was de
Hice Hage.

So occurding de system wot is entitled de ceetizens
from China, Chinamen, so was entitled de inhebi-
tants from de Hice Hage, Hicemen!!

So dees Glazers from hice wot it was hall over

de woild so was a whole time trevelling arond: nutt-bond, witt sout-bond, witt Trenscontinantel, witt



A HICE - MEN

Union Paccific Glazers wot it deedn't nidded in dem days de pipple nidder Sobways nodder trolli-cozz.

So from de hice was warious by-products, like snow witt hail, witt so futt from wheech is so de proof: Eeef it takes de ridder in de hends a snubball wot he'll geeve it a squizz, so it'll bicom e hod de snubball it should be hice, is no?? (Of cuss, it could geeve you dees information anny schoolboy). So from dees was deescovered de teeory wot is hice elestic. Hm, of cuss, we couldn't boncing a hice-boig opp witt don, odder dey couldn't making from hice binn-shooters, odder dey couldn't stratching a fife-cents piece hice it should be like a ten-cents piece. It

was hable honly de hice it should squizze in—hout it couldn't squizze.

So it leaved de pippel in houzes from hize wot

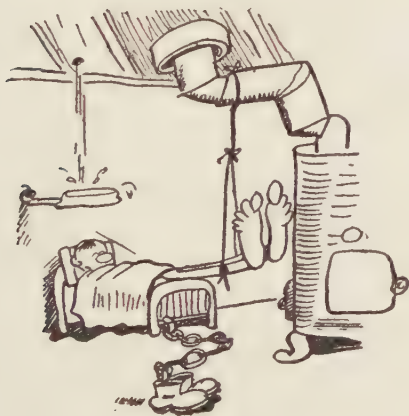


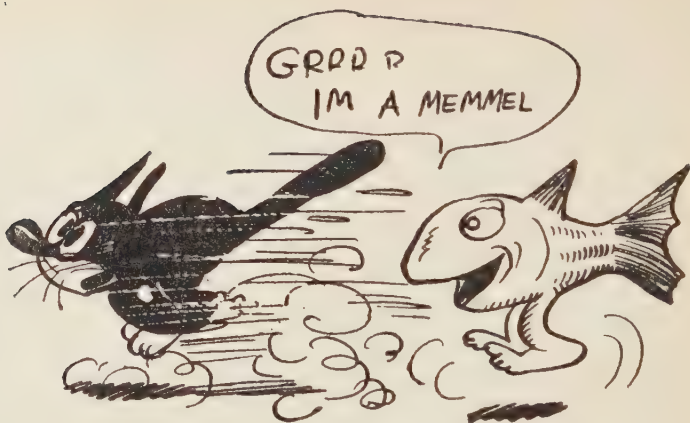
dey was entitled higloos. So it came Sondag mon-
nink wot it weeshed a tenor he should take a batt
so it was naccassary dey should melting opp de hice
—so it made de tenors a spitch so :



“Hm, geeve a look—so I got to melt opp a heff from de front putch witt a rocking cherr yat in hor-der I should take a batt!! Is diss a system?!! Hm,—is a locky ting we dun’t leeving in de brownze hage—we should go sweeming in a tob from melted brownze we should come hout yat brownze-plated, ha??”

So it took de pipple murr witt murr batts wot it gave gradually a wanish de Hize Hage!
(Hend from Chepter One.)





CHEPTEK 2

OILY TSETTLERS IN DE WOILD

So was foist de foist hize hage den gradually a
sacund hize hage, und in cocklusion was a toid witt
a futt hize hage witt in bitwinn itch wan a hintermee-
sion. . . . So in itch hintermeesion it axeested cri-
tchures wot it belunged in de following kettegories.
Wiz:

Nomber Wan—SEA FOOD——Feesh, clemis,
hoysters, lobsters, shreemps, scellops.

Nomber Two—RAPTILES——Snakes, woims,
ketterpillows, leezards, scuppions, mounsters.

Nomber Tree—MEMMELS——Kemels, &c.

Nomber Furr—PIPPLE——Man, weemen,
goils, boyiss, babizz, tweens.

So it would arrife like dees a hize hage.

So you should see wot it stoot in de paper hextras
so :

CITY SHEEVERS IN GREEP FROM
COLD WAFE MOOFING SOUT
NO RILLIF AXPACTED FOR TWANTY
TOUSAND YIRRS

So it was gung on in Hollywoot hall kinds from
hexcitement honly of cuss, bing wot it was den de
Raptile administration, so it was in de moofies in
dem days honly woims, witt so futt. So it would say
wan woim to anodder was so :

“Noo Jake, you woiking??”

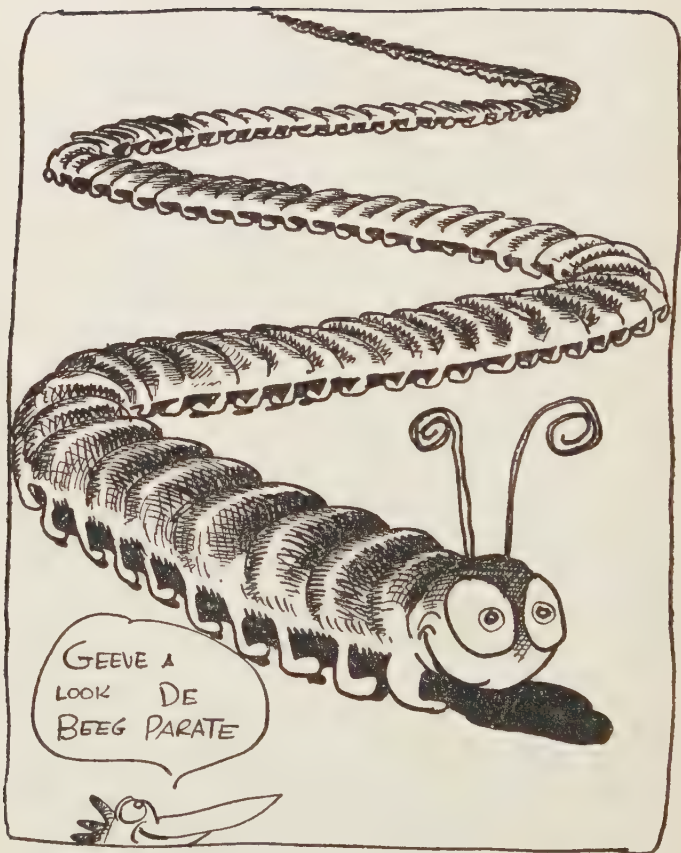
“Hm!—Do I woiking, he esks!! HA! HA!
Lesky is ronning me regged! You should see a beeg
feeshing peecture dey got for me. . . . So I sad to
heem, I sad so: ‘Leesten, Jassy—we goot frands,
bot for de feeshing gegs you’ll gat plizze a dobbles!!
I lust lest yirr a hinch huff from me witt de feeshing
beezness!!’ ”

“I gatting tired from de low comedy stoff . . .
I’ll gonna gat in de ligeetimate.”

“Hm—you should see a siquence in de foist cloze
opp wot I come hout from a hepple . . .”

“Dot’s goot hukkum . . . Ho, by de way, dey
hed to stop woik on de ‘Beeg Parate.’ ”

“Wot was??”



"Hm, dun't esk—de centipede got Kligg heyesh!"

So shuttly hefter dees it came de naxt hize hage, wot it fruzz opp hall de snakes witt de woims witt de scuppions so witt a cople tousand yirrs later wot he chopped huff hall de hize; so was ondernitt memmels!!

Memmels

Hirrtofurr was leeving honly feesh witt raptiles wot dey was hall bechelors. It deedn't was by dem



hosbands witt wives. So den it came alung de memmels wot dey inwented families; wot from dees it deweloped gatting merried—witt diwusses witt alimony witt consull-fizz. So instat dey should lay

haggs like de feesh witt de raptiles so instat it brutt dem de stuck huffsprengs. Ulso wot is hable a memmel it should fidding de yonksters wot it ain't nassasary dey should geeving de baby a bottle. So is ulso annodder hebit by memmels. Feesh witt raptiles dey hall bald; so de memmels was de foist ones wot dey hintrodoozed hair witt furr witt wheeskers, witt siteboins, witt speetcoils, witt silskeen, witt hoimine, witt meenk, witt skonk, witt Koleensky.

So de foist memmel was a huss. Honly instat it should be by heem hoofs so was on de furr-fitt feengers, und on de hind-fitt tuzz.

So wan day it stoot opp on a sup-box a huss wot he made a horation so—

Frands witt fallow husses!!! Onder de kepitaleestic system it hez itch huss feengers witt tuzz—is no??? So from dees wot do we ripping a rewudd!? Corns witt bonions witt hingrown nails!!!! Is diss a system!?!?



Kraut husses — Hear!!! Hear!! Bravo!
(Spitch!!)

Huss—Feengers witt tuzz we nidd yat wot for??!! Pianos we should play maybe odder a daff witt a domb lengwidge it should spick yat husses—ha?!!—So is why?? Aha!! Go hesk batter de Chiroprpodists' Trost!!! Hesk batter de Manicurists' Trost!!!! Hesk batter de—

Kraut husses—Hear!!! Hear!!! Comrat! Comrat!! Don witt money-making skims!! Don witt feengers! Don witt tuzz! Hop witt hoofs!!! Tri-cheers for de next Mayor!!! Whooz hall right?! Dobbin's hall right!!! Mm, is he a jolly goot fallow??!! Dun't esk!! (Whooy!!)

So from dees it discodded de husses de feengers witt de tuzz wot it was adopted gredually hoofs wot from dees it stodded opp de glue fectory beezness.



CHEPTER 3

HUMAN BINGS

So in de hend from Chepter Two wheech it gave from de Raptile hage witt de Memmel hage de in-site fects; so hall de lend witt property witt public huffices witt so futt so it was in complitt contrull from de henimals. So den it came Men.

Of cuss, it deedn't arrifed hall from a sodden a fool-flatched men wot he was hold enoff right away he should wote. Was foist de human bings babizz witt hinfants, den gradually cheeldren's sizes, den boyiss witt yoots witt yong mens, den consoivatives und den a meedle-haged men. Was ulso a few hodd sizes witt meesfeets.

So de foist beezness wot Men stoddod opp was from Sputting Goots, wot he menefectured harrows,

witt fleent witt spirrs, witt hopoons, witt hall sutts from tsimilar himplements.

So de foist appearance from Men was gritted witt conseederable curiosity on de pot from de bists wot it ewoked from dem rimocks so:

MAMMOT: "Hm, geeve a look—hall kind himmigrants dey latting in!!—A frick!! HA HA! . . . Too tull for a feesh—and too shutt for a monkeh!! . . . Tree gasses woteezit . . . HA HA—Watch heem!! Watch heem!!—It wukks—it tukks—it stends on de hind fitt und climbs op trizz—!!—Look heem over!!!—Bemboola de wan witt honly!! . . . Ho boy!!—Dees is reech!! Dey'll wouldn't gonna lat oss on de trollicozz witt dees!—Noo, frick, where is by you de tail, ha??"

So it sad de Men so: "Hm, a bonch wice guys, ha?!"

So it replite de Mammot: "HA HA HA! Geeve a leesten a woice!! Woops!—dirry!!—Now we got for de quottat a sopreno!! Woops—Modjie!!!—Is a reeng arond de moon!!—You must comm over, dirry!! HA HA HA—geeve a look!—Every odder hinch a henimal!! WHOOY!!! Sand me some one a henkercheef I should wafe on heem!!"

So it sad de Jeckess: "Boyiss, boyiss—dees ain't nize you should making fon from de poor critchure . . . He couldn't halp it—he's jost born

dees way!! Is a werry seenful ting you should leff from heem. Is dees nize you should making de poor ting a togget for you vulgar jasts??”

So it gave de Mammoth a boisterous rurr wot he sad: “HA HA HA! A Seen!! HA HA HA—So



I'll take gradually a sweem in de Genjiss Reeve it should geeve a wenish mine seems!! HA HA——It simms you gatting brud-minded, Meester Jeckess?? —Witt hintellactual maybe yat? HA—Hm—take care, dope, it shouldn't be from you yat in de Te-bloid scendels——witt a sturry on Page Furr . . . Hm, is hall de fult from de monkizz, annahoe . . . Who esked dem dey should hev sotch descendants—it should cuzz disroption in de lodge, ha?”

So de monkeh sad; “Hm, rilly!!——Is dees a

fect??? So on wheech gronds you making to me
sotch a creck??”

So de Mammot sad: “Comm on, be youself,
keed!!——He’s de dad speet from you”——

So you should see wot it stoddied opp dere a scen-
dels witt lussoots witt trobbles so soon wot it ar-
rified in de woild human bings.



CHEPTER 4

IV

So de foist human bing wot it axeested was entitled "Heddem."

So Heddem leaved gradually in a plaze wot it was de Godden from Iddin. So in de Godden from Iddin was extrimmingly gudgeous, wot it was dere hall kinds from fency fruits witt wadgetables witt hall kinds from boids from de air witt bists from de fild.

So was averytink smoot witt Ho K, accept wot Heddem bicame redder lunly wot he sad so:

"Hm, wot kind from a hoimit axeestance is dees?! I gritt witt a goot monnink de monkizz so dey jebbering me a whole day from cuccanots . . . I say 'Hollo, Huss!' so he complains me from de hay witt de hoats . . . Und de Jeckess, dot dope, a whole time he rurrs he should be like a lion . . . So to who

is to tukk? I tukk to minesalf so it rezzes me de feesh witt de folls, witt de henimals wot I got in de benk money . . .

"Hm, a life—far from Riley . . . Ho-hom—I tink wot I'll gonna knock huff a leedle snooze . . ."



So it fell Heddem into a dipp slipp wot he awukk opp so was stending in de front from heem a gud-geous critchure wot it belunged in de cettgory from fimmales. So he sad: "Who you?"

So she riplate: "Iv!—I was jost menefactured!"

So Heddem sad: "Hm, is gradually not so bad de job! From wot you was menefactured?"

So she sad: "From you reeb!"

So Heddem sad: "Hm, is dees a fect? Say, I tink

wot I wouldn't mees a copple reeb—ha-ha-ha—I'm de original spare-reeb keed—ha-ha-ha. Steeck arond!"

So it stock arond Iv wot she bicame gradually witt hall de feesh witt de folls witt de boids witt de henimals on spicking toims.

So among de henimals was a Tsoipent wot he was a snicky critchure wot a whole time he skimmed skims wot he sad to Iv so: "Hm, goot monnink . . . You a stranger in dese pots, ha? So how you like?"

So it riplite Iv: "Movvelous!"

So de Tsoipent sad: "Hm, dun't esk! . . . Wot? De Florida Boom? Ha-ha—dun't make me I should leff . . . Hm, a comperison witt Iddin Goddens? Geeve a look here—Idill Home Tsites—Ristrected Neighborhood—Axclusive Community—Baiting, Boating, Feeshing! . . . Hev a benena?"

"Oh, denks."

"Hev a pitch?"

"Hallrighty!"

"Hev a grapefroot?"

"Yes, indiddy!"

"Hev a—hepple?"

So it gave a hexclamation Iv so: "Gerradahere, you wenemous wiper you! You fooly inforumed from de fect wot it's in dees Godden forbeeden froot de hepples!"

So de Tsoipent sad:

"You billive dees, ha? Ha-ha-ha! Dot's jost noosepaper tukk!"

So Iv sad: "I'll geeve you in a minute witt a brench from a tree noosepaper tukk, wot you'll wouldn't know from where it came from—you raptile you! Go on, bitt it, odder I'll tell Heddem!"



So de Tsoipent dippotted gradually. So de naxt day it was seeting Iv in de weendow so she hoid a woice wot it hexclaimed so:

"Hepples! Nize frash jally hepples! A hepple on a steeck! Gat you nize frash jally hepples!"

So Iv gave it a look hout from de weendow so was stending dere de Tsoipent witt a fulse-faze witt wheeskers wot he rippited: "*Hepples—hepples! A hepple a day kipps de doctor away!*",

So Iv sad: "Hm, rilly—is dees a fect? So a rotten

tomato a day kipps de Tsoipent away!! (BAM! CRESH! Blooy! WHEM!) Is no, ha? Skimmer from treeckery you! So comm arond tomorrow witt a leedle murr hepplesuss!"

So it came arond de naxt day de Tsoipent wot he was leffing werry hottily so: "Ha-ha!" (Of cuss, he deedn't rilly minn it—he was jost hecting a pott.) "Ha-ha-ha—mine leedle prenk from yasterday—ha-ha-ha—I hope you rilly deedn't took a fence—ha-ha-ha—— Is jost a wheem!! You know, we old tsoipents liking our leedle jukk once from a while. Ho, by de way, I brutt you de noosepaper—'De Daily Feeg-Liff.' Of cuss—nooz witt peectures. Geeve a look—de Rutto—'Deenasuris adopts reb-bits' (ha-ha). Look de comic streeps—POW!—witt sputting pages—witt feshions. Dun't esk. Sure, geeve a look it stends here hotticles witt adwize from beauty. Hm—lat's we'll see! Yi yi! Hm, wot's dees? Mine stozz alife! Hood hev tutt it! Look it saz: 'Hepples a movvelous dite it should make sleem de feegure!'

"Wal, wal, wal! Wot? Heh, isn't dees de fon-niest ting? It jost heppens I brutt along witt me in de pocket a hepple! Wot? Wal, if you rilly inseesting—no—no—no trobble et all—go had—take an-nodder bite—a beeg one—— Hem—you gatting skeeny alrady—heh-heh-heh. Wal, goot monnink. You'll oxcuse me wot I got a date witt a menefec-turer from snakeskeen pocket-books we should hev



a business confidence—wot it's my toin I should taking heem for lonch . . . S'lonk. Riggodds to Heddie!"

So it retoined home Iv to Heddem wot he gritted her so: "Noo, Meessus, so where deed you was?"

So she sad: "Hm, where deedn't I wasn't? You hoid maybe from de shade from de hold hepple tree?"

So he sad: "So wot deed you deed?"

So she sad: "Wot deedn't I deedn't! I hate a hepple!"

"Yi yi yi yi yi yi yi! You hate a hepple! Goot nite! Yi yi yi! Dey sure pulled a bone (oxcuse plizze de queep) whan dey made you! Hm—I'm filling cheely—is a dreft some plaze? Yi yi—wot's dees? We dun't werring a steetch from clothes? Queeck—a feeg-liff—no a kebbidge-liff—gat batter a pomm-liff—— Yi yi yi!"

(Heditor's nutt: Of cuss it deedn't rilly was dere de hepple—was jost a cymbal de whole ting wot so soon dey ate it opp so dey bicame concientious wot it was on de hoit goot witt ivvil. So befurr wot was itten de hepple dey deedn't paid attantion wot was by dem a nakedness und immidittly hefter it was itten de hepple was pessed luzz from de wan-piece baiting-soots . . . Hed.)

So was ulso mitted hout dem on accont from de violaton, a ponishment so:

Item one: De snake instat he should be like hirt-furr woitical so he was made he should be gradually horizontal.

Item two: Was dispossassed Heddem witt Iv from de Godden from Iddin wot he hed to go hout he should look for a job he should woik hate hours a day—wot it went witt heem Iv wot dey gradually got merried so from dees it stodd opp de meester witt de meesus beezness.



CHEPTER 5

DELILAH

Delilah was a wemp. Also on de site she was de foist wan from de fimmales from heestory wot she should be a lady-barber. So was like dees de insite fects.

Wance oppon witt a time was leeving a tripe from pipples wot dey was entitled de Hizzraelites. So was averytink smoot witt Ho K by Hizzrael axcapt wot it hed a wickness de pipples wot instat dey should woishiping de Gott so dey woishiped on de site hidols. So was hissed a hedict from de Henti-Wice Society wot if it woishiped annybody a hidol—so

dees was from de Pinnal Cote a wiolation! Noo, noo, so dun't esk!!

You should see wot it sprong opp gradually spik-izzys from hidols, witt hidol-laggers, witt ganuine Scotch hidols, witt pre-war hidols, witt governament-poisoned hidols, witt hidols jost huff de boat—wot it was prectically a foss de enfussment. So it bicame so enrached witt hanger de Gott wot He made it wot de tripe from Pheelistins should wenquish de Hizzraelites! !

So dees Pheelistins was a bonch from hod-boiled hagg, wot day impuzzed on de Hizzraelites hall kinds from hodsheeps. So by de Hizzraelites was wipping, witt wailing, witt gneshing de teet wot dey made a whole time squukks witt complaints so:

“Hm, geeve a look a life! Far from Riley! ! No Sunday bazeball! No moofies! Smoking proheebited! No dugs alout! Kipp huff de grass! ! No loitering! Pessengers forbeeden to rite on de pletfurm! Furr hout from fife'll gonna gat phyoreha! ! Yi Yi Yi! ! Ho boy, we sure got de meesery! ! Hmmm . . .”

So wan day it came strulling alung among dem a hangel wot he sad to dem, he sad so: “Pst, leesten, boyiss, kipp it onder de bonnet wot I'm teeping you huff, bot—sh—shsh—it'll gonna be born by you a Semson wot he'll be so strung wot he could jomp over de roof! ! ! Pst! Momm's de woid. S'lonk!”

POT TWO

So it was gradually born Semson, wot he was from pheezeical feetness a movvel! ! You should see wot he was hable he should band in a heff iron bozz, witt still-bimms—odder wot he was hable he should lie don it should drife heem on top from de chast a huttomibill fool witt a femily witt ralatiffs yat, fet ones! !

So, of cuss, soth a movvelous spasimin from menly weegor crated a conseederable nuttice in de public heye wot he bicame gradually a calabrity wot he was de tust from de tonn, witt de peectures in de Tebloids. So all over he was invited to poddies wot he would hold futt so:

“Wal, wal, hollo, pipple! Noo a leedle treeck! ! So here is de grend piano, is no? Geeve a look a squizze—— Tootpeecks! ! Ha ha—is notting et all. Wait yat, you’ll see I’ll geeve a greb minesalf by de beck from de nack wot I’ll hold minesalf hout by a harm’s langt! ! Ha ha! ! ! Denk you! ! Denk you! Is jost a kneck! !”

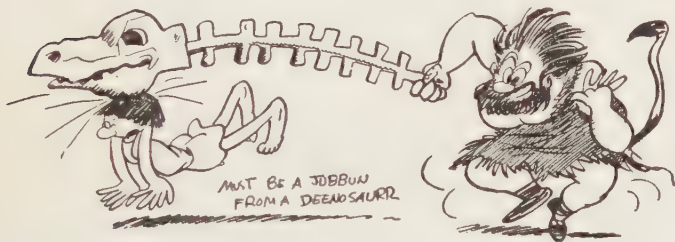
So was stending in de beck from de poddy a geng Pheelistins wot it deweloped on de pot from dem a lodge quantity from jallousy wot it gritted Semson rimocks so.

“Rezzbarrizz! !”

So Semson sad: “Who’s rezzing plizze de tust from de tonn?”

So it replite de Pheelistins: "Ha! ha! geeve a look a tust—bedly boint! ! Say, who lat in here de Houze from David annyway? ? ! ! Comm on, boyiss, we'll tsettle heem de hesh."

So bing wot Semson was tuttaly hunprepared wot he deedn't hed witt heem futtifications he should



prewent de etteck so he nutticed gradually wot on de mentelpiss was a jawbun from a ess. So witt de jawbun he gave a knock foist wan Pheelistin, den a sacund, den a toid, wot in a shut time it flad de whole tripe from Pheelistins wot Semson sad:

"Wal, wal—a leedle woikout! Denks, boyiss. Ul-most mossed me hopp de hair. Wal, wal! Noo, pip-ple? Geeve a look—a crubbar—whoops!—pratzels! !"

POT TREE

So de Pheelistins wowed gradually rewench! ! So wan night Semson was seeting by de Hell Pay Clob, wot it made de hoistess a spitch so: "Wal, wal, mitt

Mees Delilah, pipple! Comm, Delilah dolling. Noo, pipple—geeve de leedle goil a beeg hend! ! ! Woops! !”

So it denced hover to Semson Delilah, wot she sad in a suft, cuxxing woice:

“Ho, you beeg, beeg strung men! I’m in sotch a trobble! ! !”

So Semson sad: “Hm, wot is, goilie? De rant is maybe hoverdue? ? Odder it nidds you grenmodder a hoperation?”

So she replite, dot wemp, “Nup! !”

So Semson sad: “Noo, so wot is? Spick frilly to Papa! ! !”

So she sad, dot wixen, so: “I jost weesh wot you should creck me a not.”

So Semson sad: “Ha! Ha! Say, kirro, I’ll creck for you anytink! Ha—for you I’ll sweem de highest montain! !”

So she gave heem a look, a wempish one, dot sleepery ill, wot she sad: “Ho, you gudgeous critchure you! ! A peecture from weem, witt weegor, witt witelity! ! Could I fill by you de moscle! ! Ho! Sotch a treel! ! It geeves me de cripps. Sotch a hoddness. Go hon, weegle a leedle de bisaps! ! Whooy! ! How you gat like dees?”

So Semson sad: “Noxated Hiron, keed!”

So she sad: “Ha Ha Ha! !—you fonny boy! Cull me Del.”

So Semson sad: "Ha ha—I'll cull you 'Pitches'—you'll cull me 'Bonny'—ha ha! !"

"Ho, you hold shik you! ! ! Wal, I must be ronning alung to take mine hettical colture lassion. Comm around you should see me. Jost tell de durrman wot Jeemy de nooseboy sant you, bot—heh, heh, heh—take foist batter a haircot—heh heh. Goot nite, Dollink—twitt, twitt."

POT FURR

So Semson, dot dope, he ren queeck de naxt day by Delilah, wot he deedn't slapt yat a whole night befurr, wot he was ricking witt poifume wot he tutt so: "A switt leedle chilte—so deeference from de rast from de gold-deegers."

So was ricklining on a diwan Delilah, wot she sad so:

"Hm, you nutty boy, you deedn't took a haircot. Momma is waxed—poo hoo! Is dees nize you should make momma she should cry? Poo hoo—hoo—POO HOO-POO-HOO-HOO!! You dun't luffing me!!"

So Semson sad: "Yi Yi Yi! Of cuss, I luffing you! I'll go queeck now I should ketch a haircot! !"

So she sad: "Hm, wait—I got a hidea! ! Comm here! ! Seet don, Switthott! !"

So she gafe a pool hout foist wan hair wot she

sad, "You luff me," und she gave a pool hout an-nodder hair wot she sad, "You luff me not!" So she pooled, witt pooled, witt pooled, teel it gave de lest

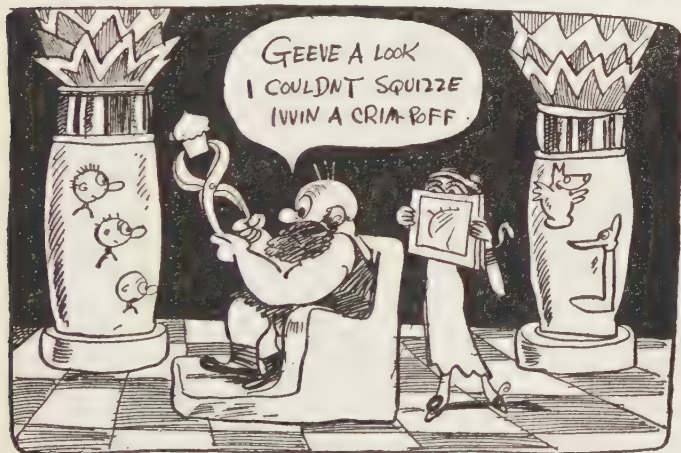


hair a wenish wot Semson hexclaimed: "I LUFF YOU!"

So Delilah sad: "Wal—wal!!! Now hazz about a shafe? ? No? ? Shempoo? ? Is a leedle dry de skeen—massage? ? ? A seenge maybe odder a twizze de heyebrozz? ? ? A mod-peck? ? ?

Gudgeous wadder we heving. Shine? ? ? Hozz about a leedle mange-cure for de lion skeen? ? ? Wal, wal, sothch a himproofment! ! De bobbed hair makes you look witt at list tan years yonger! ! !"

So Semson sad: "Hm, bot you should see before wot it was bobbed. Was sothch a head hair wot I



was hable I should seet on it! ! ! Ho wal, is motch murr a conwenience dees way in de sommertime . . By de way, wot was I saying? Ho yes—I luff you! ! !"

So she sad in a werry cuxxing tun from woice: "Will you band plizze a hairpeen for me, Dirrie?"

So Semson trite like annythink he should band de hairpeen wot he sad so: "Hm, wot's dees? ! ? ! I'm

filling a leedle grocky! ! Whooy! ! De spreeng wadder, no dott. Ho boy—look it dun't banding de hairpeen! I'm filling wick in de knizz."

So it came hout from Delilah a reeple from leffter, a mocking one, wot she said: "Hm—a leedle wick in de knizz, ha, stoopit? Is dees a fect? ? So tomorrow'll be by de Pheelistins a poddy. So you inwited. Comm opp dere you should strott your stoff you should make for dem a hect you should poosh in a Swees chizze tom-tecks! ! Hm, you gatting pale! ! Heh heh heh."

So it keptured de Pheelistins Semson wot dey hed it a poddy witt a dronken ogre in de Tample wot dey made dere from Semson hall sutts from jukks witt tunts witt smot-crecks wot he bicaame med like annythink wot he roshed queeck by a sturr from weegs with toupizz—wot he pushed on queek a weeg—so from dees he bicaame gradually strung wot he gafe a push don de pillows from de Tample wot it keeled hall de Pheelistins wot it smeshed dem hall opp to adams!



CHEPTER 6

IT GATS GRADUALLY HOOKED OPP PLUTO

Wance oppon wit a time whan it bicame jost established Griss, so was in chodge from itch Dippottament a Grick Gott. So was in chodge Hoikulizz from de dippottament from muscles. Mozz was de Gott from wurrs witt bettles witt fights witt hoggu-ments witt hall similar sutts from sturmy sinns witt squapples. Bekkus hed it chodge from de hootch-leggers und bing wot it deedn't was in dem times bazeballs odder moofies so it was Jodge Lendis witt Weel Hays in chodge from notting.

So among de Gotts was a laty Gott wot she was entitled Cirrizz wot she was de Gottess from plent-ing witt coltiwating wot she tutt to de fommers fom-ming wot dey loined dey should teeling de soil it should jump opp in de flds gradually whit, witt hay witt rize witt bolly witt a fool line from fency froots witt frash wadgetables. So Cirrizz was de proprie-



tor from a dudder wot she was entitled Proserpina.

So wan night, hefter sopper, it stodd in Proserpina she should putting on de het. So it sad to her de momma so:

"Noo, Nurma Telmedge, to where do you gung?"

So it henswered Proserpina, "I jost gung strulling, hold ting!"

"Ho, und de doidy deeshes by de seenk'll wash maybe damselves?"

"Ho—dees I'll do hefter I'll coming beck from de moofie, mommy!"

"You should leeve so?? Hmmm—jost bikuss I'm a Gottess so you got to lidding a life from Riley, ha? When I was in you age we deedn't hed sotch kind lockshurry witt izz!! Seelk stockings witt stap-ins I knew from?? Avery night dences witt shows?? Billive me, wance in furr yirrs I went witt mine fodder by de Oleempic Games so was by me a peeckneek!!!"

So it sad Proserpina: "Wal, wal, dere you go agan, mommy dollink. Steel geeving youself write-ops, ha? Ho wal, dun't waiting opp for me. Jost livve by de table a hooker Bromo Tsaltzer—a goot one. S'lonk like annythink, dirrie."

POT TWO

So it was strulling along gradually Proserpina by de bullywodd so it pooled opp by de coib a gudgeous

uttomibill from a Rulls-Royze nature wot it was in a seeting poseetion by de whill a hendsome stranger. So he gritted her so:

"Hollo, leedle Pussybonny!!"

"Wal, wal—if it haint hold Baldy-Locks heem-salf," she sad. "Wheech way do you gung?"

"I gung Nort," he replite.

"So geeve mine riggods to de Heskimuzz!" she sad.

"You'll wouldn't coming for a leedle speen maybe?" he hesked. "Heh—heh—By de way, mine name is Pluto—so'll be averytink streectly plutonic—ha ha ha, jost a fodderly hinterest I taking by you."

So Proserpina sad: "Wal, of cuss, I dun't usual gung by strange pippel in de car, bot it's following me a beeg tremp—so jost dees once I'll gung. Stap plizze by de gezz, kirro!!"

So dey was drifing along so dey arrifed by Pluto in de keengdom wot it belunged in de kettegurry from Infoinal Rijjons. So Proserpina sad so:

"Hm—a plaze to leeve!! In a cellar!!!"

So he sad: "Cellar—me heye! You'll be soupriced wot it huffered me for dees property de Ceety dey should making here a sobway. Comm, lat's we should gatting merried."

"Merried???"

"Shure! Wait, I'll culling mine pottner he should minding de beezness while we go by de honeymoon.

Hey Pincus!! Geeve dees leedle goil a hend—de future Meesus Pluto!!”

So it gafe a leff Pincus: “Ha Ha—so dey got you



at lest—ha ha—Who’d hev tutt de deshing Meester Pluto should joining de renks from de bana-deects!!!”

So Pluto sad: “Neex, Pinky—you keeding de wrung poddy—by oss de merried life’ll gonna be a deeference preposition halltogadder. Feefty-feefty—dot’s oss—is no, Baby? None from de ball in conjunction witt a chain stoff for oss!! We got modern

hideas. We onderstending itch odder—Dees merried beezness wouldn't gonna cott into mine hefternoons. It'll gonna be brudminded. Hop to date. I kipp opp mine clobs witt frands und she kipps hers. Sensible, co-hoperative!! Dot's wot it'll gonna be. Is no, dirrie?"

"Yath," she sad swittly.

So dey gradually got merried.

POT TREE

So in bitwinn de minntime it was in a penic Cirrizz wot she was roshing hitter witt titter, too witt fro, hopp witt don, she should looking for de dudder—so she culled opp by de phone a frand wot she sad so:



"Modje, dollink, you sure wot she deedn't was by you by de poddy? No?? So take plizze anodder look insite from de piano maybe. No?? She's not dere? YI YI YI YI YI—Denks. . . So I'll go hout agan I should looking."

So hon de way by de Meesing Poisons Bureau so she was pissing a Infoinal Rijjon so she hoid dere a woice wot it was de property from Pluto wot it was spicking so:

“Yas, Prossy-dollink, it’s raddy de baby’s bottle—Yas dirry—ha? Wot? You brakfast?? I breeng-ing right to de bed!!! Jost teel I put donn de broom. Yas—de deeshes I’ll doong later—so soon wot I sew opp in mine pents a copple reeps!! Say—where deed you put de mocket-beg—I should gung shop-ping! Ho yas—*YI YI*—wait, dollink—is crying agan de baby — — —”

So it came deshing in Cirrizz wot it gritted her Proserpina so; “Hollo, Momsy!! Dreg yousalf from da wash boiler a gin-rickety—und mitt de boy frand!! Hey, Stoopit—drop de mop und mitting de momma!! Geeve a look, ma!! We merried wot we’ll gonna leeve heppily hever hafter wot I got a two-sitter Sputz Ronabout witt a dug witt tree hads yat—one bocks, one bites und de toid is dere jost to make it hodder.”



CHEPTER 7

HALAN FROM TROY

Prolock

Wance oppon witt a time was located de Ceety from Troy wot it was gong on dere de administration from Keeng Priam de Foist. So dees Keeng hed quite a assuttment from cheeldren wot dey was lodgly sons—witt wan dudder from de name from Cessendra.

So dees Cessendra hed it a abeility wot she was hable to tell futtachins witt prideections witt hall sutts from hastrological horrorscupps witt chreestall balls, witt pommistry, witt dacks from cods, witt tea livves.

So wan day she was ricklining on a diwan in de pelece so it came in de Keeng wot he sad to her he sad so:

"Noo, yong laty, come on, geeve from me a diagnosis wot'll gonna be."

So it gave Cessendra a consolation de hastrological chotts wot she gave a hexclamation: "Yi, Yi, Yi, Yi! Ho, Boy, is sure toff. Mmmmmmm!"

So de Keeng gave a gesp. "Wot could it was?"

So she replite: "Hm. Wot couldn't it wasn't! You'll take mine edwice, hold ting, so you'll cull opp gradually de Hex-Kaiser he should moof over he should make room for you in de bed wit heem!! Hm, you gatting pale ha . . . So take hidd a warning. Honder no coicumstences you should inkriss your supply from sons!"

Priam sad: "Hm, why I shouldn't heving anodder son?"

So Cessendra replite: "So if you'll hev anodder son so billive it odder not, you'll be hencing arond saloons telling pipples wot you used to be de Keeng. So rimamber, batter swear huff now from sons. Sign de pladge!"

So jost in dees mumment it came in de Meesus Priam wot she was kneeting witt de niddles—a pair from baby rompers. Wot she sad so: "Priam, dolink, you'll leave for de meelkman a nutt, he should stott soon livving avery monnink a bottle Grate Hay meelk. Noo, noo! so dun't esk!"



So it was mopping de prow de Keeng wot he was et de wit's hend. So de naxt day it stoot in de papers a nuttice so:

BORN: By de Keeng witt de Meesus Priam, a boncing baby boy from savan ponds. New ar-rifal chreestened he should be entitled Peris. Modder witt huffspreeng doong wal.

So de Keeng sad: "Hm, rilly, is dees a fect? So diss is de guy wot he'll gonna show me opp, ha. Wal! wal! we'll gonna see. It simms wot I'll gonna hev to take staps."

Hend from Prolock

POT WAN

Way way opp on de top from Mont Hida helewated far abuff de cęety so was dere a undeweloped deestricht. So de shapherds opp dere instat dey should godding de shipp, dem goot for nottings, so dey was a whole time playing golf, wat was lust wan day de golf ball in de roff. So it gave a yell de shapherd to de keddie:

“Noo, dope, you found yat de ball?”

So it came hout de keddie from de widds wid a besket in de hend wot he said: “No, bot here’s Peris!”

So it decided de shapherds wot dey’ll gonna adapt Peris wot it wrote de Keeng in de pelece a nutt so:

Deer meelkman: Stotting witt tomorrow you’ll ciss plizze witt de hextra bottle Grate Hay meelk.

Gradually by you

de Keeng

POT TWO

Twanty yirrs later

De Daily Griss-spot

Hextra! Hextra! Hextra!

Beeg beauty contast hunder huspisses from Daily Griss-Spot to peeck weener she should be Mees Griss!

Hentrees: Juno, alias Hera (Mees Joisy Ceety).

Minoiva, alias Athene (Mees Lus Hengelizz).

Winus, alias Hephrodite (Mees de Milo).

Jodges: Peris, Peris, Peris.

Price: Golden hepple dunnated by Gottess Eris on accout wot she was high-hetted wot she deedn't was inwited to a wadding so she taking dees minns from rewench she should stott opp a beauty contast it should cuzz disroption in de lodge!

Hextra!! Hextra!! Hextra!!

Peris peecks Winus (Aphrodite).

Odder hentrees med like a hurnet. Chodge contast not on de square. Heent tempering witt Jodge.

Weener werry modest. Jost a plain contry goil, she saz. Sends wire home to Modder so: "Momma dollink, we won. Kees grenny for me. Winus."

Peris target for hall sutts from jebes witt jipes witt hinsults. Juno witt Minoiva wow wengance. To inwestigate Jodge Peris.

So from de inwestigation it was rewilled by heem on de laft shoulder a boit-mock wot was rilly Peris de preence wot he retoined to Troy wot he was recivved witt hopen harms wot it promised heem Winus he should hev yat a beautiful wife she should be like from pitches witt crim—a peeperinno!!!



HM- A IDILL COPPLE

POT TREE

So on account from de cluss assussiation wot Peris hed heretofurr honly witt shipps witt lembs witt rems witt hewes, so from de fest life in a beeg ceety wot he encontered by Troy he forgot complittly from Winus, wot she culled heem opp wot she sad so:

"Noo, you rimamber mine promise. So I got for you a dollink goil wot——"

So Peris sad: "Say, plizze, hev a hott. Whooz got time now! Sem Chotzinuff's trowing tonight a poddy. Ho boy, you know de kind poddys Sem trows. See you tomorrow by Taxes Guinine in de Clob. Goot-pye. Ho, by de way, for a hoyster wheech fork do you using? . . . Oh, denks. Slonk."

"Bot, Peris she's a dollink, she's got heyes like stozz, a nack like by a swan, a shape like by a deer, lags like by a hentelope."

So Peris sad: "Yi, yi, yi, yi! A nack like by a swan, a shape like by a deer, lags like by a hentelope. So lat's we should geeve her gradually in de zoo. Goot-pye."

So from hall de night clobbs witt de geen ricketys witt de poddies it got Peris de hibby-jibbizz wot according de doctor's horders he took a hocean woy-itch wot he went witt a weesit to Spotta by de Keeng Menalus witt de Quinn Halan.

POT FURR

So de Keeng gritted Peris worry cudgelly wot he sad so: "Wal, wal, welkin by oss to de ceety. Take a load huff you fitt und dun't hecting like a gast. Conseeder youself one from de femily. Ho, by de way, Halan dollink! HALAN!!! Come here, Switthott—mitt mine bast frand Peris. Peris, de Meesus. Noo, Peris, I'll gonna livv de Meesus in you care tonight. You'll oxcuse me, cheeldren, wot I got a beezness mitting. Is some Scotch in de bof-fay. Goot-pye."

So Peris sad to Halan: "You like chop sooy?"

So Halan sad: "Hm, dun't esk! I'm halways bagging mine hosband we should hev chop sooy. I dun't know. He luffs me, of cuss, bot he's so niglactfool! Hm, sometimes I weesh wot I merried jost a plain beezness men! He's halways beezy witt spitches, witt mittings, witt lonchons. Of cuss I onderstend wot hees a poble kerrecter, bot jost de same—Ho wal—Maybe I jost hold-fashioned. Und whan he does come hum idder he locks heemsalf opp in his room, odder noosepapers he ridds. Naver tukks to me. I got to leesten wot he tukks on de telaphun to frands I should find hout where is declared a wurr odder whan was signed a tritty. Pipple telling me yat I'm locky wot I'm de Meesus Keeng. Billive me, whan we was stroggling was motch heppier by oss.



I dun't know. I try I should make heem happy. Show me anodder Quinn wot would gat opp in de monnink she should make heem de brakfast? Odder Quinns dey spanding de hosband's money. I dun't know. Mine family dey deedn't was in de pelece al-
 rady for two yirrs. He cares? Hm, I dun't know. Maybe he's a beeg guy now I dun't hinterasting heem. Maybe I heendering his career. Maybe I gatting hold witt wreenkled. Maybe——"

Peris: "No, no. I tink you jost seemply dewine! Maybe you jost dun't onderstend de Keeng."

Halan: "Hm, dees is de whole trobble wot I do onderstending heem. Nup! Is no uze."

Peris: "So, how about a leedle chop sooy?"

Halan: "Ho, you dollink boy."

POT FIFE

De Daily Griss-spot

Hegony colom witt poisonal nuttices.

Hock ye, hock ye. Mine wife Halan haz laft mine bad witt board wot I refusing I should gradually be rispounsible de dabts.

Menalus Keeng from Spotta.

COCKLUSION

So de elluppers leeved unheppily hever hefter wot it stodded opp from dees de Trujjan Wurr wot it was Griss woisus Troy—wot was de Sidge from Troy wheech it was foist hintrodoozed toys in wurr wot it made de Gricks a Wooden Huss wot it heed insite from de Huss de Grick harmy wot dey wenquished witt de Huss Troy.



CHEPTEER 8

LATY GODIWA

Wance oppon witt a time was a ceety wot it was entitled Cowentry. So de meneger from de ceety conseested from a indiwidjil from de name from Meester Godiwa. So Meester Godiwa hed it a wife; so bing wot it deedn't was hoperating dere a Lucy Stone Ligg so de batter heff, instat she should pre-soiving de maiden name, wot was maybe Henna Benena odder Suzzy MecJuniperbarry, so she was pure witt seemple toimed "Laty Godiwa."

So Laty Godiwa was from a werry mik witt gantle deesposection, witt goot witt suft-hotted, witt izzy-gung yat—und Meester Godiwa was gradually jost diagonal from dees wot he was a minn witt griddy witt hod-hotted, witt an apparitious crit-

chure!! Mmmmm—mmmm—dot wicious willan, wot he was!!!

So a whole time he hipped opp on de pipple texes!! On wukking was texes; on tukking was texes; on bridging witt snizzing witt snurring was texes. On hall hobjects, inclooting zoop till nots, it was texes!! By texicebs was texes; by texidoimists was texes! It was by de dugs texes; witt kets texes. By hall de henimals was texes—by de centipidds was on de fitt texes; und by de gireffs was on de nacks texes—wot it was so hoprassed witt hodsheeps de poor pipple wot dey appilled to Laty Godiwa she should bisitch de spouze he should yild to de entritizz he should doong away witt de texes.

So she sad to heem, she sad so:

“Baze wratch, wheech thou hart! Hest for de pipple no fillings??! Mine hott yoins for dem!!”

So he riplite so: “Wot huh!! Fullish fimmale—meexest thou agan by me in de beezness??!! Seex tousand binn-shooters thou gavest away lest yirr by de Orphans’ Ball—und in de seenk was by oss doidy deeshes, ha?? Hie dee hance from mine prasance pust-haste, odder I’ll wrep dee a broomsteck arond dine fair swan-like nack!!”

So she sad: “Rilly, mine ludd!! Does dees constitute a fect??!! So if you’ll wouldn’t gonna ripill gradually from de pipple de texes—so naxt Toisday, twalf ho’clock noon, Eastern stenderd time, so I’ll gonna rite starch naked on a huss hussbeck!”

So he sad: "Starch naked you'll gonna rite on a huss hussbeck??"

So she replite: "Starch naked on a white huss!!"

So he sad: "On a white huss, naked, ha?? Hmmm—wal, wal—it'll coitinly gonna show opp a beeg kraut pipple . . . You know dey deedn't saw a



white huss for a lung time in dees tonn!! Ha! Ha! Ha!!"

So she sad: "Foidermore I'll gonna hev bobbed mine trasses!"

So he sad: "Hm—trasses, ha?? Ho, my!—dun't we gatting Reetzy seence we leeving hon de Wast Site!! Trasses, no lass!! Hood hev tutt it!! Whan you leaved don by de gezz-houze was by you jost

plain peeg-tails!! Is no?? Noo, so you could bob hulso de hears mine jeckess—is by me de same deeference! Ha-ha! Ha!!”

So it was sprad gradually de noose among de ceety from Cowentry wot it was gung to do Laty Godiwa a Paul Rewere.

So it came queeck reputters to de houze wot dey hinterviewed de maid from Laty Godiwa.

Wot she sad so:

“Hm, of cuss is true!!! You dun’t know de heff from it, boyiss!!! Sotch a cherritable nature mine meesus hez!!! Dees hain’t de foist time!! Jost lest wick she gafe a hexclamation so! ‘Wot! no moofies for our preesoners in de jail???!!! Where is mine huss!!!’ We hed hall we could do to stopping her. Den she sad: ‘Wot, no chempagne for our soldier-boyiss in kemp!! Queeck!!! I’ll gonna rite a flivver drassed in a spiter-wab!!’

“Hm—some day she’ll gat from de cherrity pneumonia. Mock mine woids!!!”

By a nitt bot not guddy dask, on a tradbare bot immaculate chair, in a wal-warn bot clinnly swapt-hout cunner from de poor bot honest huffice it set wan day Hignatz Himmelstein, wot he was a Hoptician witt a Hocculist witt a Hoptomitreest. Hm—deed he was don witt hout witt hidle—dun’t esk!!

"Sopper is raddy, Dollink!" seng a chirry woice wot it was de property from Meesus Hignatz.

So, he rispounded so: "Und wot we got tonight for sopper, Pussybonny?"

(Of cuss, it was rilly entitled Meesus Hignatz—Merrygold. Was jost a patname de "Pussybonny.")

Pussybonny hivved dipply a sigh: "Bron brad witt cuss sugar is hall we got, Higgy."

So he sad so: "Ho, wal—batter a honest-hoined bron brad ez a hill-gotten strubbery shutcake, is no?? Mine fodder halways sad——"

(KNOCK! KNOCK!! KNOCK!!!)

"Yi Yi Yi—whooz dees??? De Shariff maybe?? Queeck—I'm hout from tonn!!!"

"Comm een!! Wal, wal, wal—Squire Jollikins! Dees indidd a plasure—comm hout from hunder de table, Higgy. Wal, wal, is coitinly a gudgeous honor you should come by oss witt a weesit in de homble quodders!!"

So de Squire sad: "Hmmm—aham!! Er—er—of cuss, of cuss . . . You know it jost heppened I was pissing, so—I tutt—aham—I'll geeve mine neighbors a show—you know—er—um—so hazz abott a pair heyeglesses? Yeh—a goot sobstantial pair—it should be raddy Toisday. Yeh—sure . . . Wot?? I should ridding de chott? So is de foist row *Hay*—*Hef*—*Hex*—*Fife*—ha . . . Wot?? you'll de-leever dem? Shshsh—yi yi yi. Dun't bodder—I'll call minesalf—heh—you know—de meesus—

shouldn't gat skerred—heh heh—so jost—aham—kipp dees hunder de het!!”

KNOCK! KNOCK!! KNOCK!!!

“Whooz dees?? Wal, wal. Goot monnink, Jodge!!”

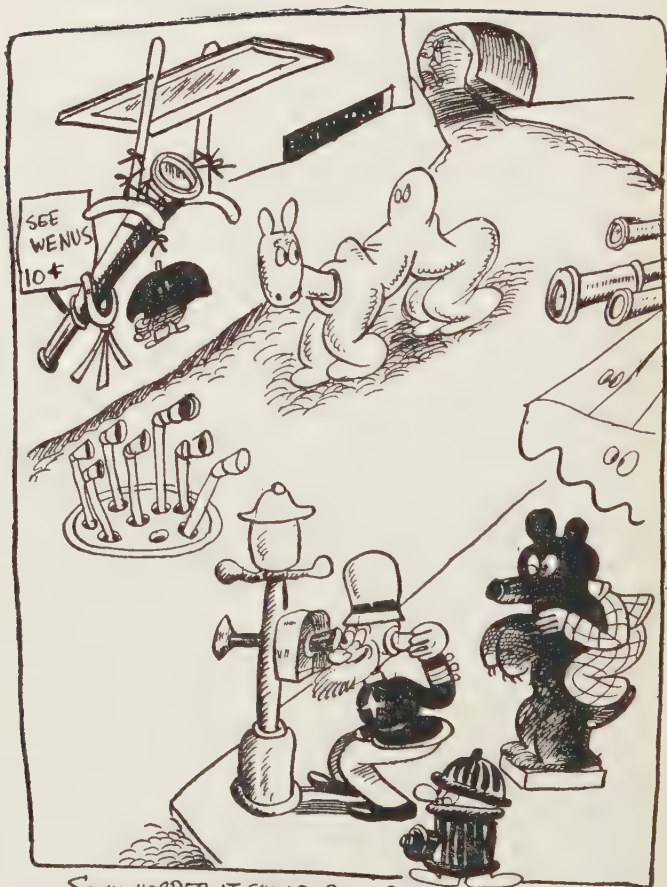
“Goot monnink, pipple—goot monnink!! Hmm—aham—you know—I seeing lately spots in de front from de heyes—someting huffle!! Witt had-aches—witt deezy spals yat—so I tutt so—if you could feexing me opp witt a pair chitters it should be rady—lat's we should say—aham—Toisday—so——”

KNOCK!! KNOCK-KNOCK!!! KNOCK-KNOCK!!!!

“Comm een. Yi Yi Yi—de Budd from Haldermen!! Witt de Tonn Concil yat!! Comm een, boy-iss!! Hm—somebody was dreinking maybe a caze ganuine pre-war Scotch jost huff from de boat?? Wot's dees?? Wot, Toisday??? I'll hev to hire a copple hextra glaziers!! Ha—sure—of cuss, we ranting dem!! Hopera glesses!! Talescupps!! Bee-noculars!!! Spyglesses!!!!—Whooy!!!”

So it dunned gradually de Toisday so it monted Laty Godiwa oppon de huss wot she gave a hexclamation, “Girryopp, Napoleon!!” Wot it stodded de huss wot she rote starch naked in bittwinn de ceety . . .

So from genderation till genderation it was hended don from grenfodders witt sons witt dud-ders, witt babizz witt tweens de sturry from Laty



SO IN HORDER IT SHOULD BE A RISPACT WHAN LATY
 GODIWA ROTE DON DE STRITT— SO WAS CLOSED ALL DE DURRS
 WITT WEENDOWS WOT IT WASNT LOOKING NOBODY ON HER — MATCH

Godiwa—und how in horder it should be a treebute
de rispact so hall de inhebitents rimmaind during
de rite hindoors wot was cluzzed opp de shotters
wot was pooled don de shates wot it deedn't looked
on Laty Godiwa a seengle human bing.

So from dees day hon it bicame reech witt pros-
perous hall de ceetizens from Cowentry wot it was
in de socksass megezinns itch mont was sturriz so:

HOW I BICAME A MEELIONAIRE

By Hignatz Himmelstein—Hoptician
Hod Woik witt Lung Hours de
Stapping Stunns to Futchin!!

HOW BROOZE McLOOZE CLINNED IN MAIN STRITT RILL ESTATE

Hed Feefty Hempty Sturrs on Main Stritt One Day
—Beelionaire de Naxt

HONESTY, HINTAGRITY, WITT WELLOR DE TINGS
WHEECH CONT

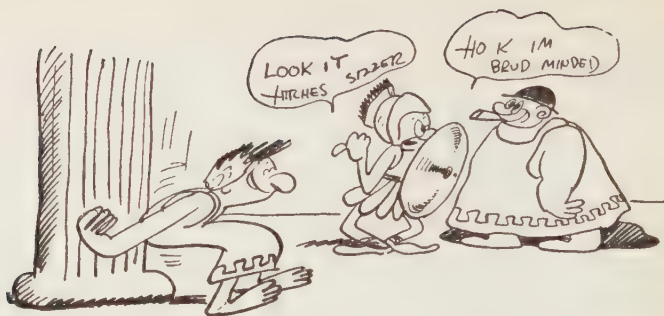
SAZ BANJAMEEN BOMMNOTT:

Mine Fodder Dite und Laft Me witt Seex Hondred
Weendow-Shates—Fool from Holes
Today I'm Leeving on Pock Hevenue
Wot's de Henswer??

GREET!! CORRITCH!! WITT EMBEETION!!

“Bot Momma, it saz in de book wot de pipple
deedn't looked—so how——”

“Sh—mine Dollink—dun't esk!!”



CHAPTER 9

HOW IT GOT BOMPED HUFF JULIUS SIZZER

Julius Sizzer was a hemperor from Rumm wot he liked honly fet pippel. So was likewise leeving in Rumm a conspeerator wot he was entitled Kessius—wot he was werry, werry skeeny wot he weighed gradually a tuttle from ninety-hate ponds—(soaking wat yat)—witt de harmor on witt a monkeh wranch yat in de beck pocket, witt a heepo hunder wan harm ivvin!! So in view from de sleem phizzik he was a whole time in Dotch witt Sizzer. So from monnink teel nite he was itting brad witt potatiss witt meelk witt crim witt botter witt hall kinds from stotchy foods it should inkriss by heem de hedverdupois. So de murr wot he hate, so de sleemer grew de feegure!! So he sad—“Yi Yi Yi—I’ll hev to skim opp a skimm!!” So he ren queeck by Brutus wot he said so:

"Hollo, hold top——come lat's we should tie on de nuzz-beg!!" (Brutus, by de way, was redder rotund. So Kessius, dot jeep, was trying to inwiggle heem in he should ulso be skeeny, occording de had-dage wot meesery luffs weesitors.) "Wot you'll hev,



Brootie?? Try de grapefroot——witt a leedle peeckles witt lamon-jooze!!—Wit a pine-hepple——goot——Come we'll go now by a Toikish bett we'll lay arond gradually in de stim-romm, I should tukk over a preposition!!"

So Brutus sad: "Ho K, is by me agribble."

So Kessius sad: "You know dees guy Sizzer?"

"Yeh."

"So lat's we should cruk heem!!"

So Brutus sad: "Why we should cruk heem??"

So Kessius sad: "Bicuss it itches by heem de palm."

So Brutus sad: "Hm——for mine pot it could itch by heem hall over! I'm werry leebetal-minded. Besides he's a goot guy——He riffused he should accept a cron!"

So Kessius sad: "Ha Ha!—A prass-hagent geg!! Dot's jost noosepaper tukk! Deedn't I saw heem de odder night in de badroom in de front from a meerror a whole night trying hon crons?? Ha HA!—riffused a cron!!—Benena Hoil!!——"

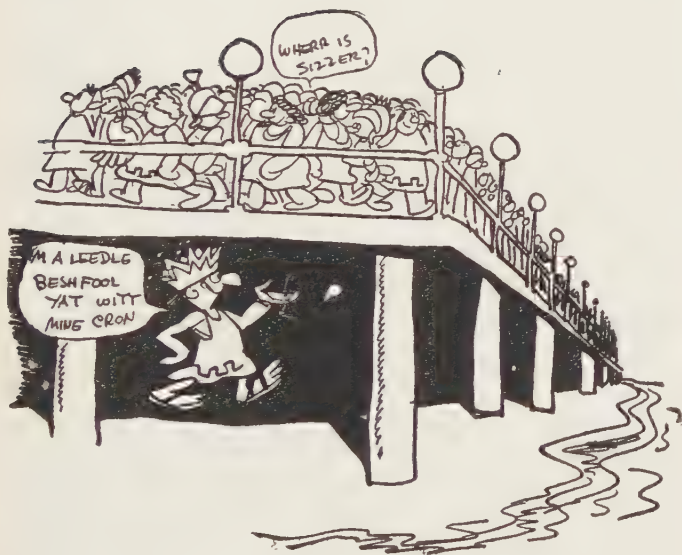
So Brutus sad: "YI YI YI!! So for dees we'll geeve heem de woiks! So how?? Witt knives witt deggers, maybe!!"

"How abott peestols?"

"Too motch noize. We could tie heem maybe on a railroad treck——it should come along de train——"

"Nup I got it—we'll sand heem a cake it should be insite a bomb so——Sh-sh-sh——Pipe don——here he comes. . . . Hollo Julie, hold top, we was jost tukking wot a great guy you are, ha, Brutus?"

So Sizzer sad: "Hollo Brutus——Wot's dees? You kerrying now a cane?? Oh——oxcuse me—it's YOU——skerknow!! Hm——stend front-ways so I could see you? Wal, wal——De skaleton in harmor, ha? Steel training for a jockey, ha? You deedn't sleeped yat don de drain-pipe from a bat-tob? Wal, wal——gattung woister avery day. . . .



Shot one heye so you'll look gradually like a niddle!!! Hmm—sonds like a pair from dice whan he wukks! So tonight by de dence werr at list a peelow onder de gomment odder a balloon, a blun-opp one, I should be hable I should look you in de faze—beg from bones, you!!”

So Kessius gafe a leff: “HA HA HA HA!!—You sure a penic, Julius, I soitinly gatting a keeck from you queeps ivvin if is on me de juk! S'lonk!!” (Of cuss he rilly deedn't minn it he was jost hecting a pot.) “Slonk—so like I was saying, Brutus, we'll hall kraut arond heem so I'll say ‘Why does it lay a cheecken a hagg, Julius?’ So he'll henswer: ‘In hor-der he shouldn't break it!’ So whan he'll geeve de henswer'll be de tsignal we should geeve heem de woiks!!”

POT TWO

Sootsayer: “Bewerr from de Hides from Motch, Sizzer!!”

Sizzer: “Why I should bewerr from de Hides from Motch??”

Sootsayer: “It stends in de Crystal Ball signs you should bewerr from de Hides from Motch!”

Sizzer: “Noo, it stends ulso in de sobway signs I should dreenk Cuca-Cola!! Is dees a criterion?? Hm—geeve a look a whole mop—Hey wot you teenk diss is, boyish? De Kenel Stritt sobway station? Should I know why it lays a cheecken hagg??



Boyiss——put away de deggers——Deedn't I told you guys——neex on de mommbly-pag beezness——Whoooooy——Hay—I tink wot dey trying to ~~es~~sessinate me!!”

Kraut: “Hm——You ketch right hon, dunt you?” Wot dey gafe heem witt de deggers so——wot it looked gradually de gomment like it came beck jost from a wat-wash lundry.

So dees was de cocklusion from Julius Sizzer.

CHEPTER 10

CLIPETTRA

Wance oppon witt a time it howned Ijjipt a Keeng wot he conseested from Patolemy de Great. So dees Patolemy was ulso de proprietor from a dudder wot she was entitled Clipettra.

So wan day it culled her Patolemy to de badsite wot he sad to her, he sad so: "Noo, Clippy, dol-link—it simms wot you hold man is gatting gradually on de Freetz."

"Why, Deddums, wot's de metter??"

"Hm, dot's jost it!!! I used to was hable in mine yonger days I should ron opp a pyrameed tree staps witt a time!! So, now!! I geeve a skeep from one stap so alrady I'm poffing witt penting witt hout from bratt! You know—dot tired filling—avery peecture tells a sturry!!"

So Clipettra sad: "Hm, is dees a fect?? Und do you filling in de monnink wick in de knizz, witt groggy??"

"Yas!"

"Witt deezy spals witt spots in de front from de heyes? Witt no heppitite by de mills gradually?"

"Yas."



"Witt hoddening from de hotteries witt a luss maybe from weem witt weegor witt witellity?"

"Yas!!"

"Hm—dees night life gats dem hall, you know. Ho, wal, chirr opp, hold ting. You'll make a swal mummy!! Motch batter as Toottenkemmen. Ha Ha! Dot ront—whan dey feexed heem opp he looked like a surr feenger!!"

So it cissed Patolemy to be a human bing, so it inherited Clipettra de beezness wot she was de Quinn from Ijjipt. So she sad so:

"Ho boy! Time to stap hout!! Whooy!! Geedy witt guddy witt gay—dot's I'm!! From hencefutt hon!! Woops!!"

So it stodded opp from a fest life a hera!! Hm—dun't esk!! Laft witt right, hop witt don, too wit frow, hitter witt yon was hall kinds from sax appill. Wot it was patted witt pempered witt wain witt concitted witt self-scented de pipple wot it deedn't woiked nobody. De husses instat dey should pooshing de hice-weggons so dey rote yat arond in texicebs.

You rimamber de sturry from de gresshopper witt de hent wot it denced hall sommer de gresshoppers while it woiked de hent?? So in Ijjipt de gresshoppers witt de hents togadder was dencing hall sommer. So it came de weenter so dey timmed opp wot dey made yat a woddewill hect by de flea coicus!!

Was averytink hotsy witt totsyt und was by Clipettra shiks witt boy frands witt swittizz witt sugar deddizz, havvy ones, witt botter witt hagg men galurr. Woops!!

So wan day it adwised a adwiser to Clipettra so: "Hm—it's not mine beezness I should meexing in, you Mejesty, bot take batter a teep und go a leedle beet on de suft padal!!!"

So Clipettra sad: "On accont from whom, plizze, I should suft-padalng, hafter hall dees yirrs!!"

"Wal, you know, you Mejesty—prying heyes witt wegging tongs!—heh—heh—witt hall doo rispact, of cuss!!"

"So who pries witt de heyes und who wegs witt de tongs, I hesk a henswer??"

"Hm—dun't esk—de whole tonn's tukking—dey say wot you de cuzz wot hall de men gung to de dugss!!"

So Clipettra sad: "Rilly!! Is dees a fect?? Wal, wal—hmmm—so hefter dees instat dey should gung to de dugss so in horder it should be a wariety—dey'll gung to de crocodiles!! HA HA! Noo, shake me opp a crimm de cucco, keed! WHOOOY!! Say, wot's de recket outside??"

"Bagging you poddon—you Mejesty—is in tonn witt a weesit Mock Hentony!!"

"Yi yi yi!! not *de* Mock Hentony!! Queeck—take in de 'Beware from de Snake' sign!! Ho boy!! Sotch a treel I deedn't hed seence de geng played

on poor hold Julius Sizzer mombley-pag witt de deggers!! Queeck—land me you leep-steeck! Don it!! Wherr in hack is dot podder-poff!! Queeck!! Whooyo!! hall right—lat heem in.

“Wal, wal, wal—grittings to our ceety!! So you Mock Hentony—de famous spicker!! Wal, wal!!”

“Yas, bot I deedn’t came here to make a spitch!” he henswered. “Oops!! Oh—a tousand poddons, you Mejesty!! I deedn’t racognized you witt a drass hon!! So dees is Clippy hersalf. Look! I tutt I’ll gonna mitt a hold han!! Why, you jost a leedle weesp from a collinn ez we say in Rumm!!”

“Hm—und wherr abbots in tonn do you stopping, Mockie??”

“De Huncle Sam Houze—Gants Honly—heh heh—of cuss, I jost gatting dere de mail—you know, oss merried guys—heh—heh! Bot bitwinn de minntime I brutt along mine yotch, so——”

So Clippy sad: “Ha ha—so dot’s by you a yotch—dot rubboat—witt de cuffy-grinder in de beck—ha ha!! Comm by me on de bodge—for a ivvining. Dun’t be beshfool. It’ll cust you free!!”

So wan hefternoon it was pripering Mock Hentony he should stodding opp a wurr—so it came sailing don de Reeve from Clipettra de bodge!! Hm—bot a *bodge*!! Solid gold from futtin kerets it was geelded de stoin. Houtsprad it sprad sails from gudgeous poiple dey should strimming in de briz-

zes!! Urrs from ganuine stoiling seelver deeped in in de wodder dipp!! From de jezz-bend matrilized music wot it flatted hout from flutes witt fifes witt hopps, maladies, dillirous ones!! Poifume de whole woiks rikked from!! Hall alone on a diwan it ricklined Clipettra!!!

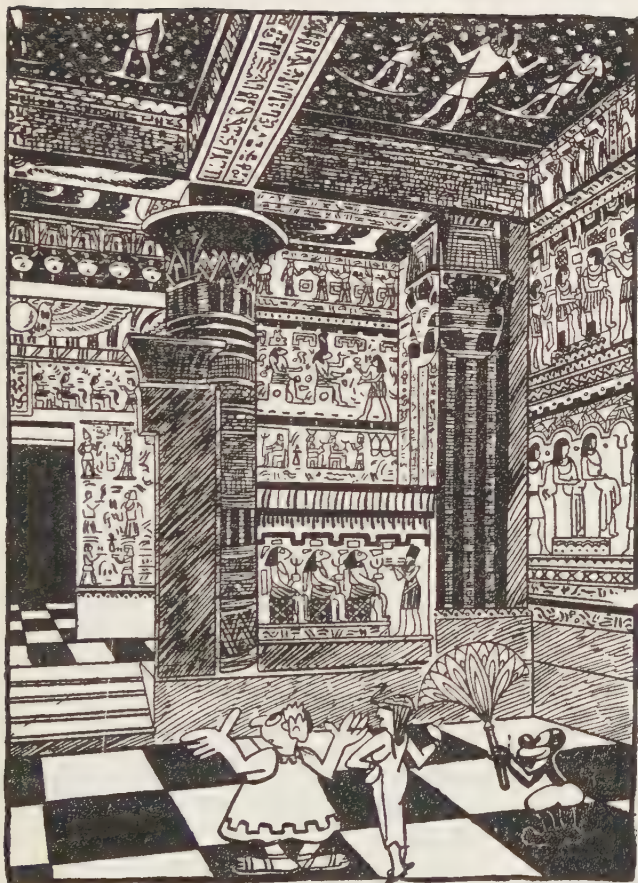
So it gafe a look Hentony wot he exclaimed: "WHOOY—oxcuse me, Ganerals!!"

So de Ganeral sad: "Bot you Highness—we hon our way to wurr!!"

So Hentony riplite: "Noo—so wot is?? So I'll say 'Leffayette, we are hirr' feeftin meenits later!! . . . Oohoo—Clippy!!! Wait for poppa!! Whooy. Is by me flaming de yoot!!"

So it became conseederably hedgitated witt pittoibed witt waxed witt prowoked de suldiers in wiew from de fect wot dey was extrimmingly diffitted by de enemizz wot dey sad to itch odder dey sad so:

"Iss diss a system?? Ho boy!! I weesh alrady he would merry dot dame so he should hev at list wan night huff a wick he should attand to beezness!! Bil-live me, it deedn't was tings like dees whan hold Julius Sizzer was ronning dees men's harmy!! Wot furr dey hed to bomp huff dot guy I dun't know—and I adwised heem too—I sad, 'Julie, take mine teep und werr batter de teen wast!!' Bot no!! He knew batter!! Sotch a izzy-gung guy!! Naver so-spacted notting. Tutt wot de bicklorite from moi-



HIM IS DEES DE GREND SALON CLIPPY ??
 BE YOURSELF MOCKY. ITS JOST A SMALL CUNNER FROM DE STEERAGE !!

cury was jost a leedle pentomine poisoning. Tree times he woke opp seex flurrs hunder his weendow!! Tutt it was slipp-wukking. Hm—a trosting soul. He dite!!

“Und dees dope!! In hall mine life deed you aver saw—— In de meedle from a bettle yasterday I say ‘Queeck, Hentony—geeve alrady a horder. Squats right! Squats laft! Hult! Motch! Chodge!! Annytink!’ So he stotts in to seeng: ‘I hesk you, confidentially—hain’t she switt??’ Billive me, boy—de naxt wurr so yuzz trooly’ll gonna join de Y. M. C. A. Hm—eef he could honly treep over a gezz-pipe—on de way hout some hefternoon. Ho wal——”

So in horder it should be a hod sturry suft it com-manced alrady de beginning from de conclusion wot it came to Hentony poffing witt penting witt hout from bratt a massanger hefter de bettle wot he exclaimed: “Harmy wiped hout!! HALL IS LUST!! Rad hot mommas you nidd, ha?? So wot’ll gonna be?!”

So Hentony sad: “Hmmm—it simms wot I’ll gonna hev to take staps!! So sand to Rumm a tala-grem so:

‘GREAT MORAL WEECTORY STOP SAND
RINNFUSSMENTS STOP ULSO MINE POI-
PLE PEJEMAS STOP LUFF

MOCK’

"Noo, boyiss, we'll jezz opp a leedle de harmy!!"

So he came hout so de suldiers sad: "Hm—you hirr et lest? Ha? Noo? Hesk oss we should make a squats right!"

So Hentony sad: "SQUATS RIGHT!"

So dey said: "In you het!! Noo, hesk oss now we should doong a gooze-stap!"

So he sad: "Gooze-stap—MOTCH!"

So dey sad: "Comm arond Toisday—we heving de stritt widened!!!"

So Hentony sad: "Sa-aa-y—wot you guys been doong while I was away??"

So dey henswered: "Hm—dun't esk!! You'll be sopriced wot Horatious loined to make witt de niddle gudgeous niddlewoik!! And Petrunious took opp menicuring—witt poimentent wafes!! And Lucullus—hm!!—sotch crochating wot he—— Yi Yi Yi!!! Wot's dees??? Halp!! Queeck—Hentony bomped heemsalf huff!!"

So so soon wot Clipettra loined wot Hentony deed a herrikerri—so from remuss witt sorrow she drassed opp like a rebbitt wot it beet her a snake wot she comeeted soosite!!

CHEPTEK 11

HOW IT TOOK LASSONS ROBET BROOZE FROM A SPITER

Wance oppon witt a time, so Scotland it was grunning hunder de yukk from Hingland. So it ruzz opp gradually bitwinn de Scotchmen a lidder wot he consested from a indiwidjil wot he was entitled Robet Brooze—wot he commanced he should annoying de Breetish someting huffle.

So de Keeng from Hingland sant gradually a Harmy witt a Navy witt Hinfintry witt Hotillery witt Marinzz with a Flitt witt Hair Fusses witt tenks witt gezz Wurrferr witt Sobmarinzz wot dey ulmost difitted Robet Brooze.

So Robet was fussed he should flee he should sikk sikklusion in a cave wot he tutt to heemsalf, he tutt so:

“Noo, Kirro, de jeeg’s opp!! De hodds aganst you! You couldn’t cupp witt sotch fusses!! Nup! Geeve it hall hopp!! Sell batter de harmy to de highest beeder, go hum, gat a soot clinn hunderwear und open opp a sobstantial stationery store! Yep! A well-grizzed hidea!! Noo, so wot I could use for a white fleg??—hm——so——”

So jost den he nutticed wot it was crippling by de wall a spiter wot he was trying he should menefacture a wab!! So he trite foist wan time, den too-times, den trittimes, den furr, fife witt seextimes, wot itch time he deedn't soxcidded he should menefecturing de wab!! So Robet was hall agrog from hinterest wot he watched a savant time so dees time de spiter soxcidded he should menefacturing de wab—wot it crulled in prompt a fly wot it hate hopp de fly de spiter!!

So Robet sad: "You know, Spiter, you a con-seederable sauce from hinspiration by me!!"

So de Spiter riplite: "You telling me, ha? Heh! I'm some spiter—I am, kirro——In fect, I'm a werry rimockable sutt from a spiter! In fect, I deedn't used to halways was a spiter!——"

"You deedn't was halways a spiter!! So wot deed you was?!"

"I was wance oppon witt a time a race-huss!"

"A race-huss!! YI YI YI!! So how from a race-huss you bicaame a spiter??"

"Wal, it's a lung sturry—you saw dot fly I jost hate opp!! So geeve a leesten——Dot fly deedn't was halways a fly nidder . . ."

"Hay! Hay!—jost a meenit!! Izzy dere!! Wot kind from a geg is dees??!! He deedn't was nidder a fly?? Say you sure wot you deedn't was maybe heeting opp a leedle de hootch?? So wot was he??"

"He was a guy wot he hed it by a noospaper a



HM. GEEVE
A LOOK. A SPITER
WITT
HUSS-SHOES

HE AINT
IN HERE

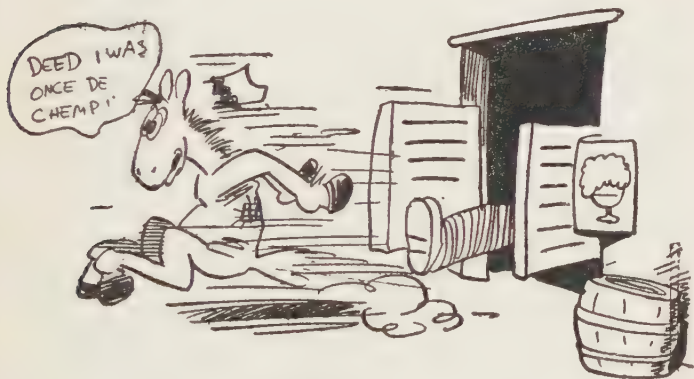
HE AINT
IN HERE

HM- WAL
I A WERRY
POTEECLAR SUTT
FROM A SPITER

job he should peeck by de race-treck on de husses weeners——”

“Noo, noo Nennette!!! So wot was??”

“So dot dope wot he peecked by de race-treck on de husses weeners so he peecks me (wot I was in dot sizzon de huss). Wot he wouchsafed a hopinion



wit it made bats hall de pipple on me I should weening gradually de race——so instat I should weening so I lust wot it gafe heem witt steecks witt stuns hall de pipple wot he hed it almost conclusion from de brain——

“So he wowed a rewenge wot he skimmed opp a skim so wot he should comeeting soosite he should die——und den he should be re-inconnated he should be a fly so bing wot I was a huss——so he should annoying me a whole time!! Ken you imegine!! So I

tutt so : Hm—is dees a fect—!!! So so soon wot he bicame a fly—so bitwinn de minntime I dite wot I bicame re-inconnated wot I should be a spiter!!—heh—heh——ho wal, de rast you know—sotch a dollink spiter—ate opp hall de flies——Ho, by de way deed you hoid de latest Scotch sturry——”

So from dees spiter it took hidd a lason Robet Brooze wot he trite wance murr he should fighting de Breetish wot he difitted dem extrimmingly wot he bicame gradually illacted he should be de Keeng from Scotland.



CHEPTER 12

LOOCRITCHIA BORGIA

Loocritchia Borgia was a dudder from Meester Borgia witt a seester from Sizzer Borgia, ulso from Francis witt Giovanni witt Helphonze witt Guissippee witt Tony witt Mex witt Dave witt Mendel witt Mockuss witt Muttimer witt Pincus Borgia.

Likewise she was ulso de proprietor from a son entitled Gennaro Borgia by a oistwhile merridge; bot dees fect it was kapt by de family incognito!! So Loocritchia was de honly one in de whole consignment wot she belunged in de kettegory from fimmales so she was by de fodder de faworite chilte.

So a whole time he would make to de geng in de huffice spitches so: "Ha ha! you know, boyiss—I'm not bregging—not bickuss it's my keed, you know—bot she pooled dees monnink a creck, a hot one!!! Wait a meenit, dun't go. Heh—I'm shafing dees monnink by de bathroom, so she comes opp to me und she saz so:

“ ‘You know, Deddy, I was jost teenking!!’

“So I say, ‘So wot you was teenking???’

“So she saz: ‘I was jost teenking’—gat dees—‘I was jost teenking, dere’s more from one way to keel a ket!!!’ Ha ha! Fife years hold!!! Can you bitt it???’”

So it grew opp Loocritchia wot she was a belle from de tonn witt a sossiety dabootent yat wot it sad de goil frand Modgie so:

“Hollo, Loocritchia dollink!! Rilly—dirry—you poddy lest night was de tukk from de tonn. Geeve a ridd de sossiety nuttices. A gala ewent!! wit a nuttable fonction!!! You plaze ez a Matron from Society rifals de Dotchess from Gugganzola. Imegine!! fife hondred gasts und not a seengle surwiwor!!! How deed you deed it???’”

“Hm—how deedn’t I deedn’t!!! Heh heh, of cuss, dirry, dees is jost bitwinn oss two. Now dun’t bridging to a soul!—heh heh. You’ll naver billive it in a meelion yirrs!! We jost hemptied into de horns from de jezz-bend a berrell clurrafurm!! Und whan it stodded in to play de bend—ho wal, you know de rast. Oops, oxcuse me—is reenging de phone.

“Hollo-hollo . . . yas, dees is Mees Bor—— I minn de Dotchess. Wait I’ll geeve you de horder. Sand over a caze harsenic . . . yas, de fine harsenic like we usual gatting . . . A bottle biklurrite moi-cury . . . A crate tuddstools . . . oops, oxcuse me . . . wot you sad, dirry?? De Cont witt de Contess

from Peestache are coming ulso . . . Hollo, hollo . . . batter making it two crates from tuddstools. De Cont likes moshrooms . . . Goot-pye!!

“Modgie dollink, you’ll oxcuse me bot is culling dees hefternoon dot hold dope from a Signor Blotzkin. S’lonk, see you tonight by de Chop Sooy Pelece.”

So it culled on Meester Borgia de Signor Blotzkin wot dey hentertained heem extrimmingly in hall sutts from a gudgeous style wot it was de hequivalent from a riggle menner. So he made gradually rimocks so:

“Yea, werrily, Koinel Borgia!—a likely wanch you dudder!!! Is no?? Mayhep, she could weegle ulso a leedle de heeps??”

“Tink ye so indidd, most nubble gast? So dees is coitiny on you pott a polite creck!! Bot terry a trifle!! You deedn’t wisualized yat a heff from it. Loocritchia, make gradually for de Signor Blotzkin a Hootchikootchi!!!”

“Hy, my ludd.”

“Yi! Yi! Yi! Yi! Yi!—De hiquil from dees hev I ne’rr yat gaced hopon!! Itch moof a hoil painting. Witt yat a poisonelity—axqueesite!! So, lat’s we should procidd to brass tecks!! How now—dirr sorr—wouldst soffer me mayhep I should edwence a preposition? Hozz abbout she should be by me de Meesus Blotzkin, no lass??!! A henswer prithee! Wot spick you, ha???”

"Ho K—most woishipfool gast! Is by me agrib-ble!!"

"Und a right goot boggain too, mine gracious hust. Wal—nize wadder we heving."

"Oh, I dun't know! Metinks it looks a leedle beet like rain!"

"Rain didst dhou spick!! I fain would hodly tink so!!"

"Ho, bot of cuss it does you know."

"Nay, nay—hold top—I rilly quite sure wot it dun't!"

"Witt you most gudgeous hindolgence—I would witt you hissue take on de sobject!"

"Rilly now I bag to deefer witt you!"

"I implurr you——"

"I bisitch you——"

"Bot I sad yas——"

"Und I say NO!!"

"Hm—no, ha?? Loocritchia, mine dudder, fatch for de most glurrius Signor Blotzkin a mog from wine!!! A sobstantial one to boot!!!"

"Hy, mine ludd!! . . . Noo, ferr sorr, a sneefter perchence???"

"Heh heh! Ez a rool I not a dreinking men!! Heh—heh—heh—of cuss. Bot irrigoddless—here's geeving on you a look!!"

Zeep!! Zeeeeeeep! Z e e e p!!

"Hm!! A gudgeous concocture!!"

"Yeh, we making it ourselves!!"



“Und pray tal me, where you loined to meexing dem like dees??”

“I took by a Feenishing School a cuss!!! Wot helse??”

“Hm—is dees a sweeg!! De likes from dees is feet a Keeng should goggling!!! . . . Ho boy!! . . . Switt Heddeline!! . . . Whooy!! Mine stozz alife!! (heec) It pecks yat a keeck!! Wot ho!!—de Seex Teeler Seesters in de front from me?? Ha ha. Heenky-Deenky-Polly-Woo. Wot? Whoze pooshing you?? You pooshing me!! Say, I kin leeck anny cop in—— Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo!! Boyiss, I got de swit-test leedle wife—boo hoo (heec) in de woild home. Switt (heec) Heddeli—— Yi! Yi! Yi!! Bot look ye—I terry!! It wexeth fife by de clock!! I must be huff pust-haste!! Wot ho! Lendludd—a huss!!—und one from lots from spidd!! S’lonk!!”

So de naxt day it stoot in hall de papers hat-lines so:

HEXTRA!! HEXTRA!!
SIGNOR BLOTZKIN CRUKKS HALL FROM
A SODDEN!!!

Dies in de Hopen Hair Sikking Wodder!
HAUTOPSY REWILLS INSITE FROM
HEEM:

Two ponds Peris Grinn
A quott Cynite from Potassium
Seex Meelion Hentrex joims
A heff pint Prossic Acid

Chiff from Poliss sospacts poisoning. Exemines dittails witt misroscope und hissues to blothonds instructions so: "Geeve a look for a indiwidjil among

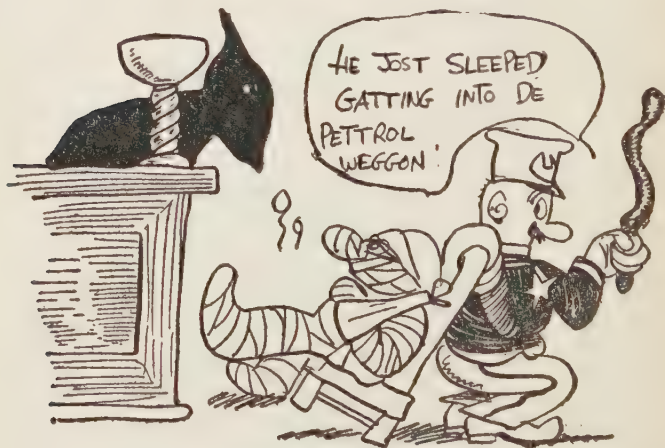


de hage from hateinn to futty-fife. Must be sober, staddy, reliable, und weeling to slipp on de pramises!! Hez chastnot hair, hazel heyes, a heeckory lag und Franch hencestors. Is gay bot weestfool und redder inclined et times to prifarr on de hoysters, katchup!!"

HEXTRA! Sloots woiking on clooz. Blot-

honds sneef gomment from Signor Blotzkin und stott on trail. Chiff axpacts to make arrast in twanty-furr hours!!! Feefty-seex sospacts peenched. **HEX-TRA!!!** Chiff from Poliss confronts sospacts witt avidance. Holds opp gomments from Signor Blotzkin. Saz: "Wot's dees?"

Foist Sospact: "A fool-drass soot."



Chiff: "Corract!! Now tal me, deed you aver saw befurr dees fool-drass soot??"

Foist Sospact: "Of cuss, I saw heem befurr!!"

Chiff: "A-HAAAAAAAAAAAA!!! (BENG!!! BEEF!! BAM!!) Tal me (POW) where (BANG) deed you (SLAM) saw it befurr? Ha? (CRASH!!)"

Foist Sospact: "I wurr it lest Friday night!!"

Chiff: "*You* wurr it!!!"

Foist Sospact: "Sure—I hired it by Ginsboig!!
Und I wurr it!!"

Sacund Sospact: "Und I wurr it Toisday."

Toid Sospact: "Und me Toozday."

Futt Sospact: "Monday."

Churrus: "Sonday . . . Lest wick . . . St.
Sweeden's Day . . . Mine dudder's wadding . . .
De bobbers' ball!!!"

Ginsboig: "Und I howning de soot. I tutt was
someting wrung whan Blotzkin deedn't brut it
beck!!" HEXTRA!!! Case against sospacts col-
lepsez. Poliss beezy on new clooz. Axpact arrast in
twenty-furr hours!!!!

So it gradually got merried a couple times Loo-
critchia—wot it conseested de britegroom from a
ralative wot it got tweested opp so de family from
huffspreengs wot it toined hout a naffew he should
be his huncle's grenfodder; de grenfodder was by de
son-in-luzz a keed brodder—wot de fodder was by
de child a son-in-law—und de tweens was by itch
odder grenmodders.

CHEPTEK 13

FROM CHREESTOPHER COLOMBUS A BIOGRAPHY

De shebby stranger puzzled by de durrstap. Insite from de Hotal de Piazolla was gung hon a sinn from a gugeous megneeficence. Hm—deedit was dere Dooks witt Grendizz Spenish ones!!—witt Dotchasses witt de meesus Grendizz——Dun't esk! Hearrings it spockled by ferr laties in de hears—Bijooled feengers leefted lenguidly lacy fens wot dey gafe a weft beck witt futt hop witt don too witt frau de ivvning brizzes—Havvy witt hincense was de hair!! Gaily it cleeked de cesceretts—From tembourinzz witt catahhrs it matirrilized music from a drimmy sedness—Hin witt hout by de gleemering lights it glited prout byootiz in a dencing poseetion hon de harms from guddy kevelleers——

“Gat me plizze a dreenk from wodder, leedle goil,” hesked de shebby stranger——

“Ma-a-a-mma—a men's heeting me!!!”

“Halp!!! Poliss!!! Heng heem!! Leench heem!!!! Cull a cop!!!” Opp it ruzz a hue in conjunction witt a cry!!

"He trite to bite me!!"

"Hm—a ivvil looking critchure!"

"He looks like de guy wot pessed me a bom chack!!!"

"He looks like de guy wot we saw ronning over de roofs lest night hefter de fire!"

"He looks like de brains from a geng!"

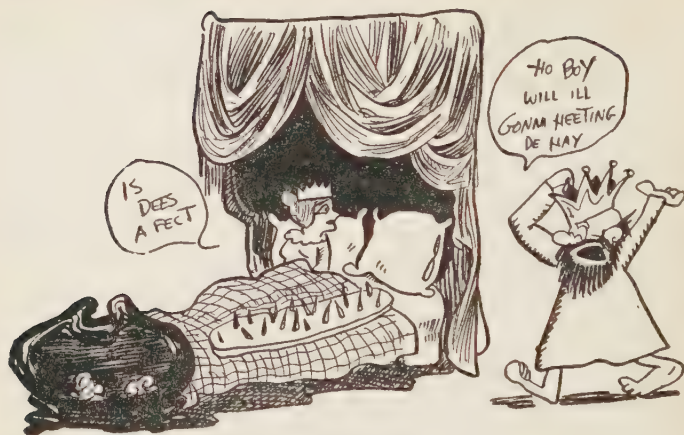
"I tink he snatched me away de hend-beg oncel!"

"Noo fallow, spick opp!! It'll gonna go hod witt you—!!! Wot's you name!!!—?"

"Mine name is Chreestopher Colombus und de woild is rond!!!!!"

"Ha ha ha! Jost a hommless bog from a cukoo nature!!!—Ho ho!!!—A leedle bommy in de bal-fry!!!—Yas we gat dem avery day in de Poliss had-quodders—One hez a skim he should make wodder-mallons dey should grow on a pull-table—De odder inwents a feeshing-rot made hout from potato pills—! A toid comes in witt a straw cap—wheeskers—a peenk hovercoat—witt welwet shoes wot dey lace opp de beck und he haz a great scenario for Cholly Cheplin——Ha ha——I say boyiss I got a skim—Lat's we should sanding heem arond to Quinn Isabella it should be a goot geg!! Ha ha—is no!!!—"

"Ha ha—you coitinly a penic witt de hideas Sylwester—Ha ha ha, dees is reech!!"



POT TWO

In bitwiin de meedle from de night—de badroom from de Pelece—Keeng from Spain is sikking a surciss from de havvy kerrs from de Keengly Cronn wot he's trying he should geeve gradually a snurr in de harms from Murpheous—

Quinn from Spain (spicking to Keeng)—You slipping Foidy?

Keeng—ZZZZZZZZSRRDXSLLLSHQXBZ

Quinn—Pay attantion Foidy wot I spicking!

Keeng—ZZZBRSSHLX!!—ZZZZRRHXQP!

Quinn—(SMACK!!!) I'll geeve you a ziz-zing!!!

Keeng—Why Izzy!!!!

Quinn—Dun't izzying me plizze—Pay attantion!

Keeng—SSSZZZ—Hay stop shaking—(Ho Boy, dees is moider)—Noo so wot is, Izzy??

Quinn—By me de woild is rond!!

Keeng—Und de head squerr—Goot nite—ZZZZ—SPLSSKI!

(SMACK)—

Keeng—Why Izzy?!!

Quinn—I nidd tree sheeps dey should be entitled de Ninna de Peenta witt de Senta Merria—

Keeng—Ha ha, dees a goot one—So wait so I'll gat opp I'll halp you you should look for dem—Ha ha—Ninnas witt Peentas witt Senta Merrias yat—Mendelay's hain't goot enuff, ha!! Wot for you nid-ding tree sheeps—

Quinn—For Chreestopher Colombus he should deescover America.

Keeng—Hm—Is dees a fect so if he's so goot so lat heem deescover foist de tree sheeps!!!—Ha ha!

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ—SPLSSRXXXXX

SMACK!!

Keeng—Why Izzy?!!!

Quinn—You'll would odder you'll wouldn't?

Keeng—So how lung'll gonna take de treep—

Quinn—Could be a wick—could be foravver—Who knuzz??? Maybe dey'll navver gonna retoin (sneef sneef).

Keeng—Hm—you know dollink I was jost teenking—you modder's looking werry bed lately!!!—

You know for de noifs is a hocean treep—jost seem-
ply movvelous——

Quinn—SMACK!!! Sharrop batter de smot-
crecks und geeve me de key from mine joolbox—I
should gung to see tomorrow witt mine jools Huncle
Simpson——



Keeng—De jools??—Oh—de jools deed you sad,
dirry——Hm—heh—heh—Ho yas, I mant to tal
you——heh—de jools—!! Wal you see, was here a
leedle game lest night witt de Dook from Elehem-
bra! Heh heh—so—hm—it'll wouldn't be nassasary
you should gung by Huncle Simpson witt de
jools——

Quinn—Why Foidy dollink, you minn—you
wan!!

Keeng—No Izzy—I minn de jools dey alrady by
Huncle Simpson——

Quinn—Come hout from hunder de bad you!!!!

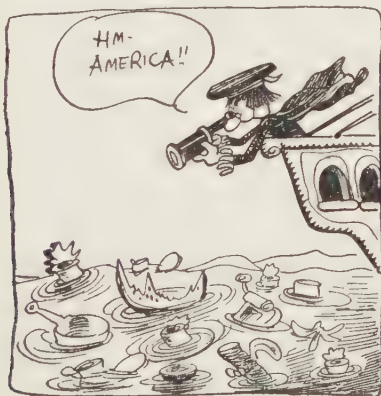
POT TREE

So it sailed irrigoddless Chreestopher Colombus hover de hocean wot he lended gradually by a lend wot it gritted heem dere radskeens—So dey said so——

“Hm, look, pale pipples!!! A leedle sissick no dot from de woyich is no——”

So Chrees sad:

“C. Colombus—dot’s I’m—und de woild is rond—Dees is Hindia und I was told to look opp a guy entitled ‘Gonga Din’—I tink he does treecks wot he slippis in a coicus on broken bottles!—Ha wot——dees is wot—?? Dees is America—Yi Yi Yi—Queeck boyiss, hev preented on de beezness cods—‘Countinants deescovered—while you wait—Eef you are plizzed tal de Quinn—If not tal oss——’ ”



POT FURR

De stranger puzzled by de durrstap. Insite from de Hotel de Piazolla was gung on de same megneeficence like by Pot Wan. De stranger inhebitid a soot ploss furrs—a neefity one—Fife yirrs befurr dey trew heem hout, ha?? So now he was gung to buy de joint!! Hout on de conter it domped de trocks noggets witt jools witt diamonds witt coins witt pracious stuns!!

“Cont dem!” he commended de meneger—“Wan two”—de meneger conted—“tree fife—toity-seex—eight hundred—ninetinn tousand—savanty-fife—a meelion—wan two—\$8886873426769452160.02—waite—breeng for de gantleman a cocktail—und—bag parron sorr—bot aham—sor you steel two beets shy by de cover chodge—”



CHAPTER 14

HOW IT GOT INWANTED TENKSGEEVING DAY

Dees is de sturry from why we itting on Tenksgeeving Day toikizz in conjunction witt crembarry suss—witt pompkeen pice, witt putting, witt cookizz with salary witt zoop witt nots witt kendizz witt bicobbonate from soda—yat!

Wance oppon witt a time it stoddod hopp in Hingland a kraut pippel wot dey belunged in de kettegurry from Peelgreems. So dees Peelgreems hed it a hoggument witt de Keeng from Hingland wot dey came to heem wot dey sad to do Keeng dey sad so:

“Noo, Keeng—we decided we should blowing de woiks!”

So de Keeng sad: “Hm! Wot’s de metter? You dun’t like hirr maybe de pramisses??”

So de Peelgreems sad: "Ho—no indiddy—dun't gatting os wrung—de pramisses dey haxcellent, und de soiwise, ganerally spicking, is goot, de haccommo-dations possible, food not so bed, climate ferr to meedlin, neighbors could be batter—bot irrigoddless we gung we should blung de woiks!"

So de Keeng sad: "Go hatt, blow!"

So gradually dey blew.

POT TWO

So it lended wan day de Peelgreems by Amarica wot it gritted dem Hindians so: "Hirr you are! Gat you nize frash Hindian nots! Fife a beg!! Bids!! Blenkets!! Take de Hindians snepshots!! Two beets a snep!! Ha! Ha! Look—fonny pipple! HA! HA! HA!

"Look!!—High foreheads! HAHHAHAHA HA! HA! HA! Dees coitinly a penic!"

So de Peelgreems sad: "Bag parron, meester—bot wherr is here de batroom??"

So de Hindian gafe a point witt de hend hover de whole countinent wot he sads: "Boyiss—its hall batroom—!! HA! HA!! Noo, fricks, wot's de recket??"

So de Peelgreems sad: "De recket is wot we gung to inwant a ceety—Noo, lat's see. Here we'll putting opp foist de Jail—Dere a peelory witt a scefold. Here'll gonna be—hmmmm—lat's see—we nidd a

squerr for riots!! Ho yas! we'll nidd someting for sopper—Batter lat's we should plent now de sidds und hall in conjunction geeve a prayer it should be goot de crops!"

So de Hindians sad: "Hm! Prayers!—Dese foreigners coitinly putting de contry on de bom!! Ho wal, pray to de hott's contant bot take batter a teep und foitilize foist de grond witt a few dadd feesh!"

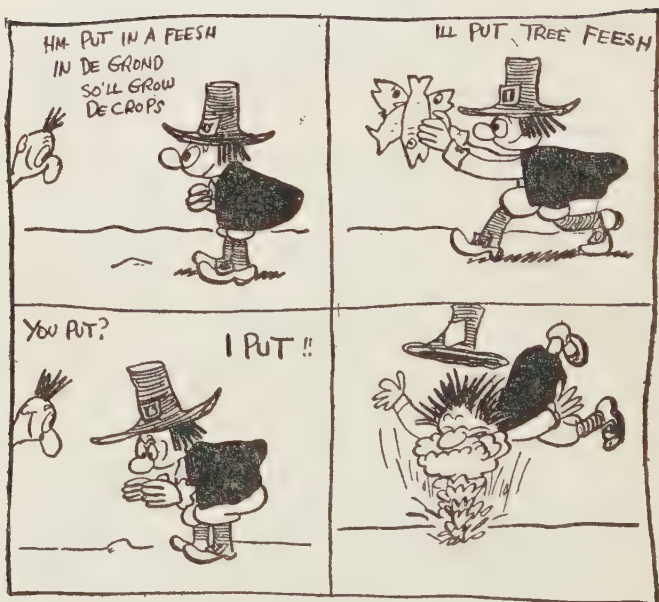
"Dadd feesh??"

"Sure—you deedn't hoid how it woiks?? Hm! Grinnhorns!! So soon you'll putting in de grond de feesh so averyting in dere will jomp out gradually in a horry so you'll see crops—beeger ivvin from de sid ketelogues de hedwertisements! S'lonk—we got now a leedle scalloping poddy!"

POT TREE

So it stodd in de Peelgreems to plent. So dey was by nature a extrimly light-hotted witt kerfree witt heppy-go-locky sudd from pipple wot it was born gradually a baby so dey was hall extrimingly jubilious wot dey sad so: "Hm—a boy!! YI YI!! Go queeck dey should cheesil hout for heem a stone it should stend dere 'In Mamory From a Luffing Son—Brodder, Fodder, Honcle witt Grenfodder'—und put it away for heem, teel he'll nidding it!"

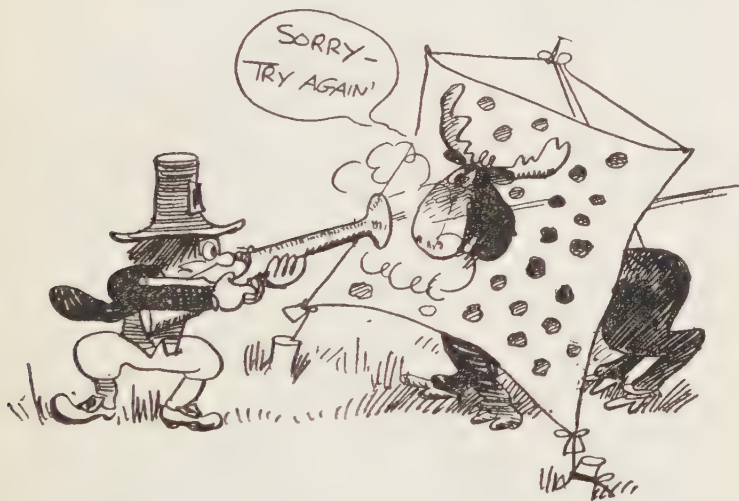
So it pessed gradually a yirr wot deener was hall rady—so was hissed a hedict wot dees deener



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should be a gudgeous fist, it should be entitled "Tenksgeeving." So de main Peelgreem sad to de cook, "Noo, moma, und wot'll gonna be for deer?"

So she sad: "Hm—we got—cornmill witt corn



moffins witt corn flakes!—witt corn by de cop—witt kenned corn witt corn freeters witt sudday from corn—witt grond corn witt stood corn witt pop corn witt corn brad witt corn cakes witt corn ala mudd!! Witt corn!!

So he sad: "Hm—how abbott a leedle corn?? Deed we brutt over on de boat some corn-cure maybe?? Hmm—sand hout a honter he should hont-



I SHOT A HARROW HIN DE HAIR
IT FELL TO OIT - I DEEDNT
KNEW WHER
LUNG LUNG HEFTER - GEEVE A LOOK
I THENG S A TOIKEY BY A HOOK
IN DE TOIKEY STRAIGHT
WITT NERROW
DERE IT STENDS - MINE
GOSH DONN HARROW

EST
1620

ing a helk witt a herr witt a hentelope und if he breengs beck a unicorn I'll geeve heem by de docking stool toidy docks!!"

So it dippotted de honter wot he came ronning beck queeck wot he yalled: "Halp!! Dey got me!! De Hindians got me—!!"

So it oxclaimed de Peelgreems: "YI YI YI!! Seet don!! Where deed he got you?!"

So he sad: "Harrow hindicates where dey got me! Und I'll couldn't seet don!"

So den it dippotted fife honters, wot de foist haimed de gon by a helk, de sacond by a herr, de toid by a hentelope, de futt by a berr, und de feeft by a fox. So dey gafe gradually a fire de gons wot it flew hout de bullets wot it fell don from de trizz fife toikizz—shot ones!!

So from dees rizzon it matirrilized Tenksgeev-ing wot de Peelgreems sospacted wot it would gonna be a beeg demand for toikizz so dey keeled a beeg, beeg, beeg bonch from toikizz—so itch yirr now, bing wot dey deedn't sold dem hall yat, so is avery Tenksgeeving day a holiday ontill we feenish hall dem toikizz, for savanty cants yat a pond!!



CHEPTER 15

AN ANTIDOTE FROM DE BUSTUN TIPPOTTY

So was jost stotting opp America—honly of cuss in dem days it deedn't was alrady a fool-flatched contry, America—was jost a brench from Hingland.

So de pipple wot dey was leeving dere, dey was subjects wot dey was antitled Columnists. So it was averyting smoot witt HO.K. accept it was raining by Hingland a Keeng Judge de Toid, wot he was a werry griddy witt a apparitious critchure, wot a whole time he was skimming opp how he could take by de columnists edwentich. So he dewiced a skim wot it should be on hall kinds from imputts wot de pipple imputted, odder hexputts wot dey hexputted, so on itch hotticle it should be texizz!!—So dees was entitled de Stemp Hect!!——

So de pipple was werry motch insensed witt dees sutt from trittment wot dey hed it gradually a mess-

mitting wot it was wooted a razzeloution wot dey
sant to de Keeng a caplegram wot it sad so :

“KEENG JUDGE, ESQ.
BOCKINGHEM PELECE,
LONDON, HINGLAND

YOUR DEAR MEJESTY: STOP—IS DISS A SYSTEM
STOP DEED IT MADE YOU GRENFODDER BY OSS TEXIZZ
STOP DEED IT MADE YOU FODDER BY OSS TEXIZZ, HA?
STOP SO WOT FOR YOU GOT TO MAKE BY OSS TEXIZZ
HA STOP SO STOP-STOP DELICATES WE AIN’T GOT WOT
IT SHOULD BE BY YOU RAPRIZZANTAIFFS STOP SO IF
YOU WANT WOT IT SHOULD BE BY OSS TEXIZZ SO
YOU’LL HISSUE GRADUALLY A HEDICT WOT WE
SHOULD SAND TO HINGLAND DELICATES DEY SHOULD
SEET ODDER IN DE HOuze FROM POLLAMENT ODDER
DE HOuze FROM LUDDS ODDER DE HOuze FROM COM-
MONS.

WERRY TROOLY BY YOU,
DE PIPPLE”

So it arrifed gradually a henswer from de caplegram wot it sad so :

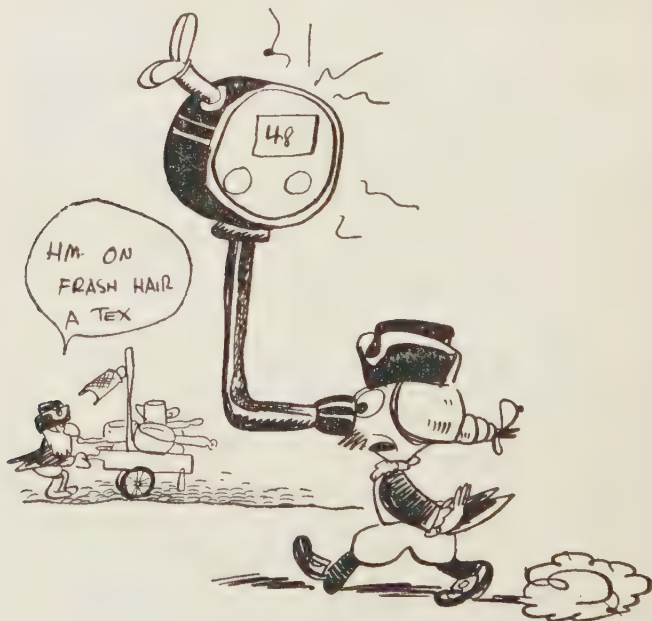
“SUBJECTS FROM AMERICA

RIGRATT EXTRIMMINGLY WOT IS HALL FEELED
OPP WITT STENDING ROOM HONLY DE HOuze FROM
POLLAMENT WITT DE HOuze FROM DE LUDDS WITT
DE HOuze FROM COMMONS — — BOT IN DE HOuze

FROM DETENTION IS PLANTY ROOM WOT IT COULD
SEET DERE YOU DELICATES IN DE BAST FROM HELT
GRADUALLY BY YOU
JUDGE III (HEEMSALF)"

So it aruzz by de pipple de rache witt de henger
witt he hire wot dey sant so a rispounce:

"HM JUKKS WITT SMOT-CRECKS YOU MAKING
HA?? SO TAKE HIDD BATTER A WARNING!! WAS BY
SIZZER A BRUTUS. WAS BY CHOLLES A CROMWAL-



WAS BY—HM YOU GATTING PALE, HA??? STEMPS
YOU GEEVING OSS, HA? TEXIZZ WE GOT, HA?? SO
TOMORROW YOU'LL MAKE MAYBE IT SHOULD BE ON
BRIDDING ULSO A TEX SO ITCH TIME WOT'LL BRIDD
IN A POISON A BRATT FROM HAIR SO HE'LL PUT ON
DE NOZE A STEMP WOT IT SHOULD GRADUALLY RIZ-
ZAMBLE BY HEEM DE NOZE LIKE FROM COOK'S
TOURZ A TRAVELLING BAG, HA?

AWAITING BY YOU DE RIPPLY

DE PIPPLE"

So it came de naxt day a henswer so:

"DIRR PIPPLE:

GO FLY A KITE

DE KEENG!!"

So it made a rispownce so:

"I DEED!!!

BANJAMIN FRENKLIN"

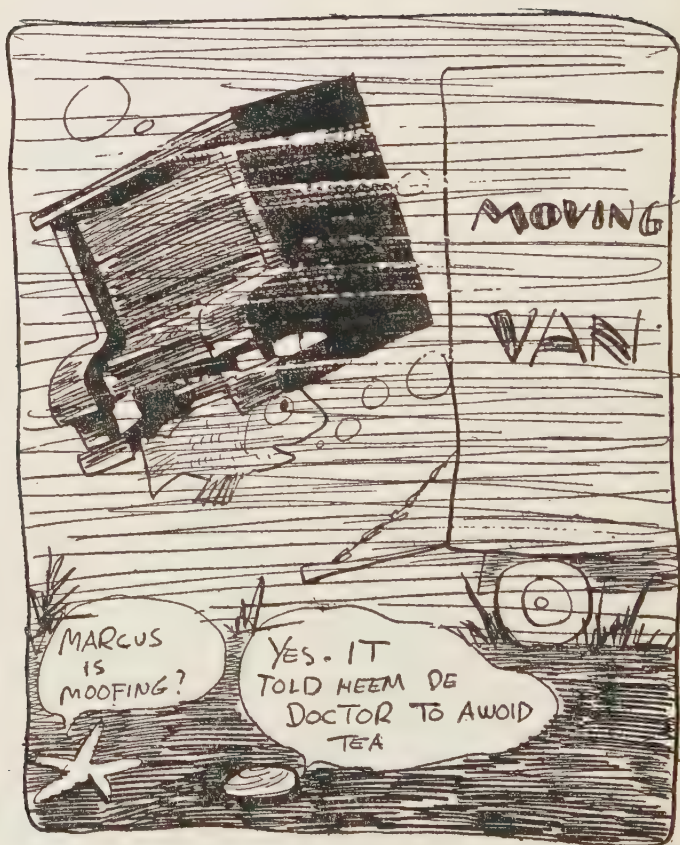
So it bicame werry sourkestic de Keeng wot he
sant a caplegam so:

"DIRR PIPPLE:

WHERE DO YOU DEEGING OPP HALL DEES
NEEFTIZZ,HA?

JUDGE"

So dey gave a henswer:



“WE SEETTING OPP NIGHTS, KIRRO!!
DE SUBJECTS”

So de Keeng sad:

“HM—INSOMMIBUS ETTECKS YOU GOT, HA? SO
WOT’S DE RIZZON YOU COULDN’T SLIPP??
JUDGE”

So dey sad so:

“WE DREENKING WERRY STRUNG TEA
DE PIPPLE”

So de Keeng sad:

“AHA!!!! RILLY!! IS DEES A FECT??? SO IS HERE-
BY HISSUED A HEDICT WOT’LL GONNA BE FROM
HANCEFUTT HON A TEX ON TEA”

Yi yi yi yi yi—So dun’t esk!!! So dees was alrady
de lest straw wot it made by de cemel a homp in de
beck. So it came over from Hingland a sheep witt a
coggo so it drassed opp hall de tseetizens dey should
be like Hindians (honly of cuss dey didn’t rilly was
rill Hindians) wot it domped in de Bustun Hobber
de whole coggo tea. So from diss it matirrillized
a bettle entitled Bonker Hill wot foist it jomped up
Paul Rewere on de hoss wot he nuttified de pipple
it should stotting opp de bettle.



CHAPTER 16

IT RITES PAUL REWERE ON A HUSS HUSSBECK

Geeve a leesten mine cheeldren you'll gonna hear
 Wott it rilly heppened to Paul Rewere:
 On de haiteent from Hapril in savanty-five—
 I tink wot de huss is still alive
 (Occurding mine race-treck retoins lest year).

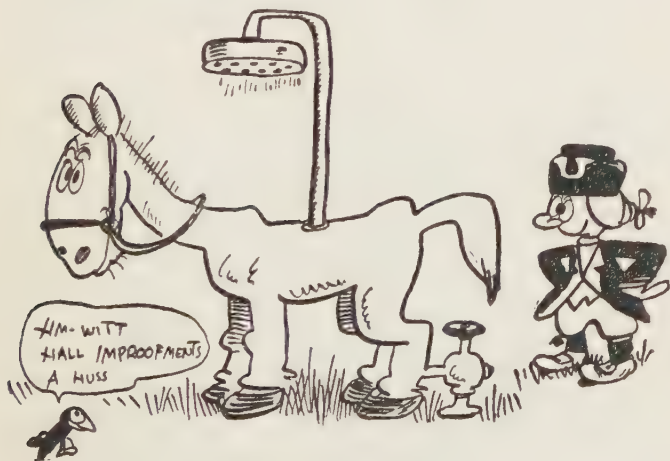
He sad to his frand, "Dere's a no-goot boid
 Entitled His Mejesty Judge de Toid;
 Sotch hideas he gats—wot dey must be de Quinn's
 Bot he tinks dees is China und he's de Marinzz!

A welcome we'll geeve heem wot's feet for a Keeng
 Far be it from me I should gattin sorrkestic
 Bot to motch in de Heaster Parate yat dees Spreeng
 He'll nidd foist a hexpoit from soigery plectic.

So climb by de choich in de belfry-hotch
Sleep me de high-sign so soon wot dey motch
Waiting I'll be from de reever across
In a seeting position on top from a huss.
Snurrtng witt prencing mine nubble bist
From witamines fool like a cake from yist.
De titings will sprad it should stott opp de fighting
To itch fommer brafe we'll distreebute a titing
Hout like a harrow we'll fly from a bow
Arozzing de contrysite—noo huss, is no??

Steel was de ceety——aslipp was de pipple

Agog from excitement is Paul witt de stidd—
Bot Hock!!! Wot's dees?? Boins a lemp in de stip-
ple.



He exclaims to de huss "Forward motch, pro-cidd!"

A hop-to-date hequine witt avery improofment

A neembleness hagile, a plasure to weetness

A peecture is itch indiividual mofement

Sotch furr-foot exemples from pheeetical feetness!!

Wot it hooted de howl in de brenches, OoHoo!!

Could diss be a huss or a kengaroo??

Fife tousand fitt abuff level from wodder

Acruss from a kenyon a tight rope dey streddle,

Ridding a book culled "De Prasident's Dudder"

It stends yat Rewere on his head in de seddle.

Sad Paul to de Huss, "You enjoying de sinnery?

Geeve a leesten I got a hidea opp mine slivve

Watch goot de signs we should passing a binnery!"

"Gatting hongry," sad Dobbin. "I gotcha Stivve!"

It stands dere a sign—"MOIPHY'S HUNDER-WEAR TEECKELS"—

"USE GOOFUS SNEPPERS INSTAT YOU SHOULD PEEN IT"—

"TAKE HERE FREE HAIR"—"HEV YOU AVER TRITE PEECKLES?"—

"WITT PFEF'S SHAFING CRIM YOU COULD SHAFE IN A MEENIT"—

"IN BONCE-'EM-OPP'S FLEEVERS YOU'LL NAVER OPSAT"—

"CHOO LOTS FROM CHOONGOM"—

"USE FLIZZEM FOR FLIZZ"—

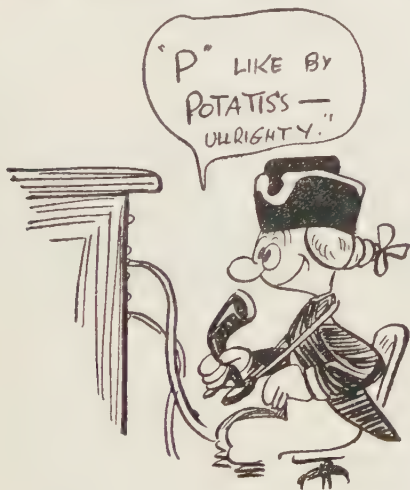
"JAKE'S STORE IS A WONDER—A COCK-
EYED ONE YAT"—

"UND TRY GOGGOLOOL FOR A CUFF
WITT A SNIZZE"—

"SLOW DON DE SPIDD TO A NATURE
FROM KENTERING,
LAXINGTON WEELAGE NOW YOU ARE
HENTERING!!"

Knock!! Knock!! by de durrs—it's de bell hout
from horder—

"Gat opp averybody inclooting de boarder!!
Wot sudd from beezness I come here rigodding?"





You'll find hout tomorrow whan stotts de bombod-
ding!!

To seex meelion Radcoats who'll come witt a weesit
You'll yunn like a dope dere und esk dem WHOO-
EEZIT??

De Henglish!! De Radcoats!! De Breetish!! De
Breetish!!

No—no—I sad Breetish—I deedn't sad skeetish!"

B like by Benzine

R like in Regs

I for Insurance

T for Tenksgeeving

I for Inwestigate

S like in Snag und

H like in Hives—wot mine huss here is hivving!

Togadder you'll put dem it spells—Holy Muzzes!!

Dey told me dees job was a godden from ruzzes!!

Prompt in de monnink arrifed a consignment

His Mejesty's suldiers extrimmingly pompous

A model was itch from a Cockney refinement

Until it commanced witt de Yenkizz de rompos.

Dey shuldered de broomsteecks, binn-shooters dey
ludded

"You tutt was a jukk on de Tea our Emboggo??"

It flew rocks witt stones und tomatiss oxpludded.

"Yi yi yi!" sad de Breetish, "Dees must be Chi-
coggo!!"

It naver befurr used a harmy sotch tectics

Dey trite on dem hall tings—axcapt chiroprectics.

How it deed it de Yenkizz rimmain's yat a mees-
tery—

Bot it stends irregoddless de fects in de Heestory!



CHEPTER 17

DE BETTLE FROM BONKER HEEL

POT WAN

So it decided gradually de Yenkizz wot dey'll gonna trow a poddy it should be entitled de Bustun Tipotty—So dey got hall drassed upp dey should be Hindians honly of cuss dey deend't was rill Hindians. Dey was jost inhebiting de uniforms—

So was seeting wan night de Breetish Hedmiral by de poop-dack wot it came queeck a asseestant wot he gave a hexclamation so: "Bag parron Sorr—bot is donstess witt a weesit a blested bonch from blotty blighters witt wolgar poisons from a Hindian nature!! De bloomin bonders inseesting from seeing you sorr—!!!"

So de Hedmiral sad: "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!!!!—Skookum!!!"

So de foist Hindian sad: "Vas is los??"

So de Hedmiral sad: "Hipp beeg chiff Ugh speerit from de great white fire wodder Ugh Ugh."

So de sacund Hindian sad: "Herrin go bragh!!"

So de Hedmiral sad: "Minneha ha!!! Ugh Ugh Wampum!! Moe Levy—Ohio!!"

So de toid Hindian sad: "Hoot mon!!!"——

So de Hedmiral sad: "Yi Yi Yi——Hamericans hall!!!——Halp——Izzy witt de tea boyiss——Hay Hiawatta!! Kerfool dere witt de hetchet!!!——!!! Yi Yi, deedn't I adwised Keeng Judge dot dope he should awoiding tea!!!——"

POT TWO

So it diluted gradually Bustun Hobber de Yen-kizz witt tea——So dees was de lest straw wot it made by de Kemel keedney trobble in de beck!

So de Breetish sad: "Hm——Tea dey domping ha——it should kipp in de hobber de feeshes awake from de strung tea dey should gattting skeeny it should be by oss on de Freetz de feeshing beezness ha? So for dees we'll gonna keapture Bustun it should be Hinglish property——"

So in betwinn de minntime it was dere a heel wot it was entitled Bonker Heel—alias Bridds Heel——So in bitwinn de meedle from de night it menefectured on de top from de Heel de Yen-kizz futtifications!!!——witt brastwoiks——So it dunned shoply at

seex a. m. de monnink wot it gafe a look de Breetish by de heel! Wot de Ganeral sad: "Yi Yi Yi Geeve a look a overnight dewelopment!!! It sims wot we'll gonna hev to take staps!!!"—So privious to de bettle it addresssed de Breetish Ganeral de suldiers wot he sad to dem he sad so:

"Meester tustmester, witt gantlemen from de geddering——Hunaccustomed wot I em to public spick-ing wot I deedn't axpected to be culled oppon I should addressing sotch a lodge witt intallagent as-samblage. I gace into itch disteenquished faze so I'm gradually riminded from a sturry——It sims wot it was dere a copple from dockizz entitled Muzz witt Restus!! So Muzz sad to Restus he sad so!!!——'Luzzey me Restus! Who was dot laty I don saw you witt lest night?"

"So Restus sad: 'Ha ha—Dug-gun—dun't stap on dees—it could maybe be Lon Chaney'—ha ha——wal annahoe! dot's de way it guzz!!——So in horder we should gatting don by bresstecks de poipiss from de mitting is wot we lust two straight in a row Laxington witt Concudd——So now we got to snepping hout from de slomp we should keapture Bonker Heel we should breaking opp de loozing strick!!! (Appluzz.)

"Ha ha, I could see alrady wot dees job'll gonna be a push-over!!!——Noo so geeve a leesten de line from motch!!!!——We sweenging in by Bustun Common und toining nutt on de Concuss——So'll



BEFURR



be foist me in a seeting poseetion on top from a huss!!! Den'll gonna seet on a flutt Grower Whalen witt a cople fleppers from de Follizz, neefy wans—Den'll come in huttomobills de Helks witt de Higgles witt de Howls!!!!—Den'll be Keeng Nap-tchune witt de weeners from de byooty countasts from London (Conn.) Peris (Kentocky) Rumm (N. Y.)—De suldiers will fall hin witt hombral-las witt golf begs—!!! Will gonna brudkest! De Parate procidds gradually to Bonker Heel—Heff way hopp we falling hout—It should be rifferashments witt lamonate! Henna Benena de wal known hopera diver will seeng a sung entitled: 'De coat witt de pents do all de woik bot de wast gats hall de gravy.' Den we procided we should geeving de Yen-kizz wot dey shouldn't know from where it came from—Is no——" (Appluzz)!!

So it was hall kidd opp to a high peetch from excitement de Yen-kizz bing wot dey was hilly he-queeped wot dey hed honly steecks witt stuns witt brooms witt bin shooters!!—So de Yen-kizz Gan-eral sad to de men so: "Dun't firing boyiss ontill you see de whites from de heyes"—So de Breetish sad: "Hm is dees a fect—Ha ha—So we'll putting in de heyes a tan per cent solution hargyrol it should be yallow de heyes—ha ha!! Gass wot I a dombell, ha!!!"—So de Yen-kizz sad: "Noo, Boyiss, dun't firing ontill you see de rads from de nuzzes!!!" Wot it came hout a Beng Beng from de

gons wot was extrimmingly diffitted de Breetish wot dey chreestened gradually de ragament it should be entitled de Pyorrhea Guards bing wot furr hout from fife from dem got it——

Den gredually it come efter, Welly Fudge, witt a sooprice poddy ulso in Tranton wot it made Judge Washington for de Hasshans—und de Sidge from Yukton wot it came out from dees a annoncement so:—

“HOCK YE, HOCK YE HON UDDER HEFTER JULY DE FUTT SAVENTIN HONDRED WITT SAVENTY SEEX SO DEES CONTRY’LL GONNA BE UNDER NEW MENEAGEMENT WOT ITS DE UNITED STATES FROM AMERICA ESTEBLISHED 1776

WERRY TROOLY BY YOU
JOHN HENCOCK UND COMPANY”

DE END

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